

THE AMERICAN A WEEKLY

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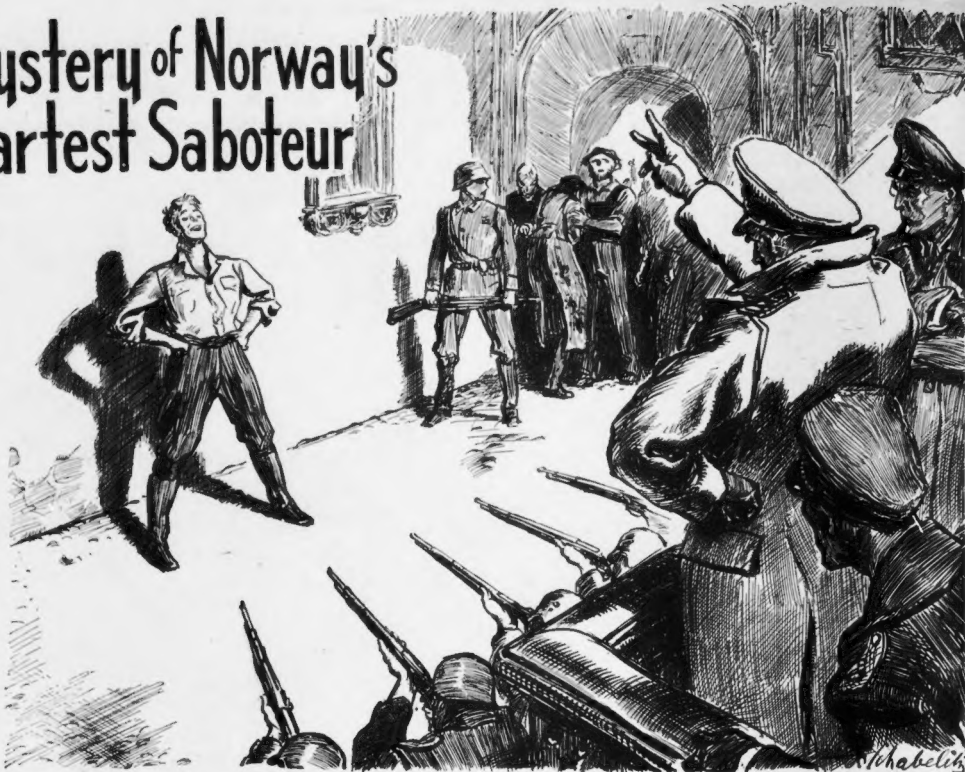
Week of June 25, 1944



Buy One of These Bonds Today

The Mystery of Norway's Smartest Saboteur

The Nazi Officers Stood Stiffly on the Balcony and the Gun Barrels of the Firing Squad Glistened in the Winter Sun. The Prisoner Smiled at His Executioners in Calm Contempt, and His Last Words—With the Violent Explosion That Followed Them—Have the German Overlords of Norway Angrily Wondering If They Shot the Right Man.



THE Nazi firing squad stood rigidly at attention. The oberleutnant barked an order. The 13 marksmen cocked their rifles. Against the wall of the snow-covered courtyard in a small Norwegian village stood a husky, blond youth. Without blindfold, a defiant smile on his lips, he looked squarely at his executioners.

An orderly stepped forward and handed the oberleutnant the death warrant. In halting Norwegian, the German officer read the verdict of the military court. It found Haakon Sunde guilty of sabotaging factories and railways, smuggling arms and explosives, the murder of Nazi officers, and leading the Norwegian underground.

When he had finished reading, the oberleutnant looked towards a large balcony draped with a Nazi flag. Approximately 50 high-ranking German officers and Gestapo leaders crowded the stone gallery.

This was no ordinary execution. For days, the controlled press had been carrying columns on the coming death of the underground leader. The Nazi radio had been crowing about it.

The Gestapo wanted everybody in Norway to know that Haakon Sunde—the famed "Scarlet Pimpernel"—was going to die.

For 27 months Himmler's secret police had tried to capture Sunde. A \$25,000 price was on his head. Time

and again the Gestapo had set traps for this patriot, only to have him walk through them because he was a genius at disguises.

A few weeks ago Sunde and one of his aides, Petter Bruun, were taken prisoner at an inn by the Gestapo

who had been led to the hideout by a Quisling. The two refused to talk. But the Germans didn't care. The important thing was that they finally—so they thought—had their man.

And now the great day—the execution of young Haakon—had arrived. All was in readiness. A high officer on the balcony signalled with his arm.

"Fertig!" snapped the young oberleutnant. The 13 men swung their rifles to their shoulders. The gun barrels glistened in the wintry sun. "Achtung!" barked the oberleutnant.

Before the next command could be given, the young man at the wall shouted, "What makes you think you are about to shoot Haakon Sunde?" "Los!" belayed the oberleutnant. The guns cracked. The youth, who had been laughing defiantly, slumped into the reddened snow.

The officers on the balcony looked at each other in dismay. What did the executed man's last words mean?

Then, as though in answer to their question, a terrific explosion shook the courtyard. From the balcony, the Nazis could see that a power plant across the river had just been blown sky high. Was it the work of Sunde?

The last words of the condemned man echoed in their ears. Had there been a trick to plant doubt in their minds? Or was the Scarlet Pimpernel of Norway really dead?

How Doggy Styles Start

JUST as clothes fashions go in cycles so does the vogue for different types of dogs. One year little wire-haired terriers will be the most popular. The next year dachshunds will lead the list. Another year it will be something else. Dog breeders, eager to anticipate the market demand, have often been puzzled over the public's fickleness in dog "styles."

A recent survey, however, has now disclosed the interesting fact that the movies, more than anything else, have been responsible for booms in particular breeds. For example, some

years ago when "Rin-Tin-Tin" was cavorting on the screen as the canine hero of a score of films, German shepherds, popularly known as Police Dogs, were all the rage.

The "Thin Man" series of movies, which starred "Asta," a cute wire-haired terrier, started a run on that type of dog while cockers became popular after one of them, "Flush," made a hit in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Currently, there is a shortage of collie pups—presumably because of the popularity of "Lassie" in "Lassie Come Home."

Similarly, Great Danes, Newfoundlands and St. Bernards may find themselves basking in the spotlight by way of movie popularity but such sizable pets probably won't be in favor until meat rationing ends.



Thousands of Us Borrow Money for Taxes and Bills and Business—But We Don't Need Much, and We're Honest About Paying It Back.

Why We Borrow Money

WE Americans are more worried about how and where we're going to be buried than with keeping alive and healthy.

At least when it comes to personal loans, about 22 out of every 100 of us have to borrow to meet doctor, dentist and hospital bills. But less than one in a hundred causes financial trouble when he dies. That's how we stack up in the 1943 accounts of one of our largest lending companies.

This concern made nearly a million financial advances to individuals last year, 22 and one-half percent of which went to pay doctor's bills but less than one percent for funeral expenses.

More than 14 percent of all individual borrowings were to pay taxes,

which came next to doctor bills. The third reason was "overdue bills."

With all our faults, we're "good to our mothers." More than 61,000 successful applicants planned to help out their families—far ahead of the 53,000 who wanted money for travel and vacation expenses, 47,000 for "money making opportunities," 44,800 for clothing and 36,300 for furniture.

We get out of hook in about 18 months. Our average need was \$156 in 1943 and \$167 in 1941. In the past 15 years less than one-half percent of American borrowers were "dead beats."

We may not be thrifty—but we're honest.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Loretta Martin, San Francisco, Calif.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a San Francisco skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive lather... as you would a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was brighter, cleaner! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin •Finer texture •Better tone
- Fewer blemishes •Less dryness •Less oiliness
- Smoother skin •Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



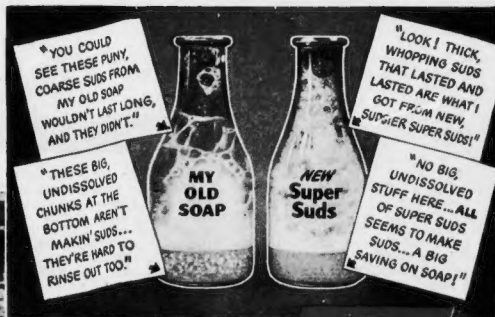
DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

"The dirtier their clothes get, the gladder I am for Super Suds"

EXTRA SUDS!



"SO MUCH MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS certainly make life a lot easier on wash-day," says Mrs. Lucille Worwetz



"HERE'S Bobby, Harry, and Suzanne, clowning as usual. All my three are chock-full of mischief, and I don't have to tell you that means wash-day comes more than once a week for me. So it was a mighty happy day for me when I discovered new, sudsier-than-ever Super Suds and all its EXTRA, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS! Say... those rich suds really pitch in and work! I haven't found the dirt yet that could give much of an argument to Super Suds. My, how that saves time and work... and me!"



★ DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

Underwater Hermit



African Natives Dig the Mud Balls Containing Lungfish from Dried Swamp Lands, and Ship Them Halfway Round the World. These Outer Coverings Are So Hard They Are Chipped Off With a Chisel.

By C. W. COATES
Aquarist, New York Zoological Society

ALTHOUGH he's only a living fossil, the lungfish is an enviable fellow, in one respect.

Whenever the going gets tough this strange hermit just rolls himself up in a ball of mud, falls asleep, and stays that way until times improve. Occasionally, that may mean a three or four-year nap. In this respect he's much better than any hibernating bear, who, after all, sleeps only through the cold winter season.

The lungfish also holds a world record for fasting, but, according to ordinary standards, he accomplishes this in a most inefficient way—by using up his muscles because he never stores up fat.

Long before man appeared in the world, or there were any mammals—at the time when the world was ruled by gigantic reptiles—ancestors of the present-day lungfish were to be found in waters all over the world. For 50,000,000 years this unique fish that breathes with lungs instead of through the gills, has lived unchanged from one generation to the next.

But when the earth cooled near the poles these strange creatures made Africa and Equatorial South America their home. The specimens we have at the New York Aquarium came from Africa.

In their native habitat these fish live in swampy areas where the water often is only a temporary covering for great deposits of mud. Periodically these waters dry up, forcing other aquatic creatures to move out or die. Then the lungfish just "holes

up" for the dry season and waits.

First, as the water starts disappearing, he swims down into the soft mud and turns around and around, making a sort of nest with an opening at the top. He returns frequently to the surface to breathe. But when all the water has gone and the mud starts hardening around him he manages to keep a tiny hole open, about the size of a pencil. Through this

he continues to get his necessary air.

Finally, completely encased but for this breathing chimney, the fish curls up with its tail over its eyes and quits moving. For some unknown reason any lungfish that tries to sleep with its eyes uncovered dies.

The piscine hermit now is cut off from all sources of food and water. Worse still, it is cut off at the hottest part of the year when everything else is so parched that the mud absorbs any water that touches it.

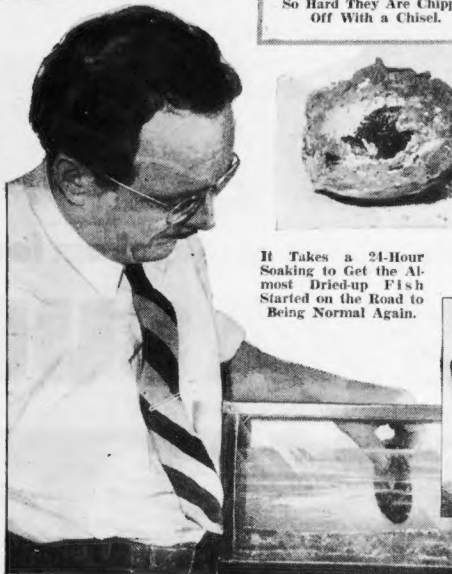
Yet the lungfish doesn't dry up.

It merely covers itself with a tissue-thin secretion from its own skin, a coating that is absolutely waterproof. Then begins the process of absorbing nourishment from its own muscles. The entombed creature breathes as little as possible—once in two hours or so, and then only

Mr. Lungfish, New Arrival at New York's Aquarium, Is a Retiring Isolationist Who Lives, Breathes and Sleeps in Mud



It Takes a 24-Hour Soaking to Get the Almost Dried-up Fish Started on the Road to Being Normal Again.



He Gradually Uncurls and "Comes Alive," but He's Not Much to Look at After Months of Consuming His Own Body.

the veriest ghost of a breath—and waits for the rains to return.

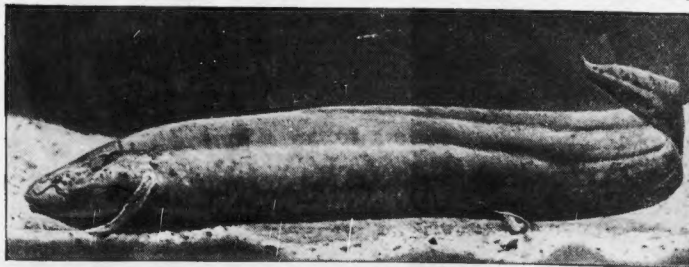
If early lungfish, millions of years ago, hadn't specialized certain parts of their bodies very thoroughly, this long nap would be impossible.

Special skin cells secrete the protective mucus. The kidneys are constructed to extract urea, which normally must be eliminated from the body, out of body fluids. The urea then is stored in tissues where it won't cause harm and the water from which it has been removed circulates to keep the fish moist inside.

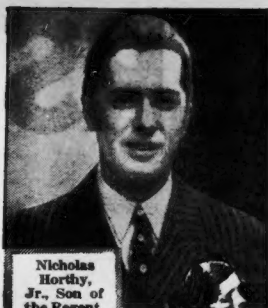
When the lungfish wakes up from its over-long nap it quickly gets rid of the stored urea and, with a phenomenal appetite, looks for its chosen food. It will eat any flesh it can catch and swallow, but prefers snails and similar small water creatures.

Its teeth are sharp and it can boast an extra set of grinders in its throat. These are used to crush the hardest shells.

A few days of normal living bring the lean and hungry faster back to its old, pre-hard-times self, apparently none the worse for the long sleep, and ready to undergo another bout with Morpheus whenever it becomes necessary.



But Here He Is, Quite Sleek After a Few Well-Fed Days. Lungfish Can't Be Bred in Captivity Because They Chew Each Other Up If Placed in the Same Tank.



Nicholas Horthy, Jr., Son of the Regent.

KEYSTONE PHOTO

Lucky finale to Neenie's Hungarian Rhapsody

It Was All So Romantic There in Budapest Until the Admiral's Wife Introduced a Porky Theme Which Sent the New York Socialite Home, Sad, But Safe



Shades of the Figs Mme. Horthy's Pappy Used to Sell Blighted Nicky's and Neenie's Comic Opera Romance.



INTL

Now Any Mention of Hungary Revives Eugenia Woodward's None-Too-Fragrant Memories of Her Unhappy Visit.

By LAURENCE SANTREY

EUGENIA WOODWARD, New York socialite, could scarcely open a newspaper in the privacy of her hotel room a few weeks ago without seeming to detect a faint scent of pigs and pigsties.

What made this so odd was (1) that it happened only while she was looking at papers, and (2) that there obviously weren't any pigs around, since she was living at the Ritz.

Some women, haunted by an apparently causeless barnyard scent, might raise a rumpus over it.

Eugenia, or Neenie as her friends call her, just sat down and asked herself a simple question.

"What," she asked, "is the first thing I think of in connection with pigs?"

The late Ellis Parker Butler, who wrote the classic "Pigs Is Pigs," would probably have answered, "Pigs." But, naturally, Neenie's answer would be different.

After some reflection, she replied to herself, "Mme. Nicholas Horthy, wife of the Regent of Hungary."

This response may seem cryptic, but it worked wonders for Neenie.

It convinced her that the scent didn't really exist, that it was just the ghost of a scent, conjured up by a process which psychologists call association of ideas.

The newspapers, at the time full of headlines about the bombing of Hungary, had been the first stimulus.

They had reminded Neenie of her visit to Budapest. Budapest had reminded her of dashing Nicky Horthy, the Regent's son, who had courted her while she was there. Nicky had reminded her of his mama. His mama had made her think of pigs, because Mme. Horthy is the

daughter of a hog dealer, and also because this fact was the chief reason why Nicky and Neenie never quite managed to get married.

And finally, of course, the step between thinking of pigs and smelling them, or thinking you smell them, is infinitesimal.

Thus, the name, Budapest, had set in motion a train of thought which had gone whistling along until it ran smack into an imaginary and, at first whiff, inexplicable smell.

All of which just goes to show what a wonderful organ the mind is—not to mention the nose.

Distressed at the time, Neenie is no doubt glad today that pigs intruded on her Hungarian rhapsody, for otherwise she would be dodging blockbusters instead of being holed up cozily at the Ritz.

Her reasons for going to Hungary were reasonable. Rather flamboyantly divorced from Frazier Jelke, Newport boulevardier, she was looking for a place where she could collect herself, in the style to which she was accustomed, on the paltry sum of \$1,000 a

month alimony from Mr. Jelke.

Pre-war Budapest fitted the bill perfectly. The prevailing comic opera atmosphere was a boon to divorce-frayed nerves, and prices were right.

For \$47 a month Neenie was able to rent a mansion. Another \$8 got her an accomplished maid; \$11, a genuine facsimile of an English butler; \$14, the best cook the local employment agencies had to offer. And champagne was 65 cents a quart.

In this setting, Neenie's previously scorned alimony made her appear to be a princess—or so it seemed until she ran into Mme. Horthy.

This fateful encounter did not take place, however, until after young Nicky had become a regular visitor at her home.

Along with him had come Count Bethlen, son of Hungary's Premier and member of a clan which traces its ancestry to the ninth century.

Neenie did not stop to question her good luck. It seemed to her only fitting that a country which could provide \$11-a-month butlers should also furnish such high-born suitors in pairs.

In the best romantic tradition, the two young men had her serenaded

by gypsy bands and then staged a polo game—with Nicky captaining one team, Steve the other—to see which cavalier should enjoy her favors.

Tied in the final chucker, the teams played an extra period during which Nicky fell off his horse and wound up in both the hospital and the arms of his beloved.

Count Bethlen thereupon did the gentlemanly thing and left the field.

Up and about again, Nicky wasted no time in introducing Neenie to his parents. Regent Horthy seemed agreeable, but his wife hoisted her lorgnette and gave her proposed daughter-in-law such a snooting as she had not experienced since her divorce suit was being tried.

A day or so later a royal emissary called on Neenie to tell her formally that the match was off. Softened up with some 65-cent champagne, he stayed to explain that born aristocrats, aware of Mme. Horthy's porcine early environment, had made her life so miserable by surreptitiously giving out with sink-drink noises that she had sworn never to let her son marry anybody without a bona fide title.

He suggested that Neenie solace herself by marrying some lesser galand, a duke, for instance.

But Budapest was by now getting on Neenie's nerves, so she packed up, gave her butler the largest tip of the season (\$2.16) and returned home.



KEYSTONE PHOTO

Regent Horthy, an Admiral Without a Navy, and Mme. Horthy in the Gala Pre-war Days When She Was Insisting on a Titled Wife for Junior.

SEERS AND SUCKERS



No. 2—Racketeers Turn to Science
SPIRITUALISTIC racketeers have found a potent, if unwitting, ally in modern science. Cynically misusing the discoveries of honest scientists, they are even now victimizing thousands of persons who have lost loved ones in this, the greatest of all wars.

The fake mediums of World War I did not begin to operate on a mass scale until after the signing of the Armistice.

Equipped with all sorts of fancy paraphernalia, their brothers and sisters of today have been quicker to capitalize on wholesale grief.

Ironically enough, their knowledge of scientific devices is derived not from the classroom or textbook, but in many cases from having those same devices used to expose them.

As soon as one medium has been shown up as a fraud, another will adopt the very apparatus which trapped the first.

Thus, as I observed in my previous article, the racketeers always manage to keep a jump ahead of their investigators.

Whenever a medium promises to convince the skeptical by working—this time authentically—some stock trick of the trade which has been exposed in the past, you can be pretty sure a clever scientific device is due for an early demonstration.

Years ago, a medium named Eusapia Palladino created a sensation by causing a table to rise from the floor while her hands pressed the tabletop. Palladino fooled many scientists with the phenomenon, until, during one of her seances, some investigators clad in black clothes and hoods, crawled along the floor and watched what was happening under the table.

They found that Palladino tilted the table forward, poked her toe under the table leg and, using her heels as a fulcrum, raised the forepart of her foot. The table rose instantly, and the medium's hand, pressing down, gave her a clamp by means of which she could not only support, but even swing the table.

Lately, I heard of a "lifting" medium, who claimed that her phenomenon was genuine. I went to one of her seances and saw immediately

To Our Amazement the Lilliputian Creature Danced Around on the Medium's Table, Tilting Her Head Gaily to Tell Us That Her Lack of Carb Proved Her an Ectoplasmic Wonder.

that the table itself rendered the old method useless. It had a round top, a center leg and a circular base that rested flush upon the carpet.

The medium and a group, including skeptics, were seated around the table, and I was invited to watch. In a corner was a bench that held pails into which spirits could dip their hands and leave paraffin impressions. There was also an aluminum quart measure for gauging the quantity of water. I put all these objects on the floor and moved the bench close to the table.

The seance was conducted in sufficient light to observe everything that happened. Promptly the table began to rise under the hands pressing lightly upon it. I took a good look under those hands and saw there were no wrist rods of the kind confederates often hook under a table edge.

The table was going down while I was stooping to look beneath it, but it obligingly came up again, showing that all was clear, with everyone's feet well away. The medium spoke warningly:

"Look out! This spirit sometimes becomes angry and throws the table, the way it did with Palladino!"

Not the way it did with Palladino, because she used to send the table flying with a kick. Nevertheless, I swung back to my bench, noticing at the same time, the very thing I needed to test my theory. I picked it up and turned around just as the spirits went wild.

There was a shriek from the medium as the table flew up at a crazy angle. The sitters dodged and the table crashed through the broken circle. It was just hitting the floor when I tossed the thing I'd grabbed, the metal measure. The medium made a mad effort to intercept it, but she was

too late. The measure landed right where the table had been and jumped like a scared rabbit.

Hitting a sitter's shoulder, it flopped back and took another surprising bound. I caught it and thrust it in the center of the carpet where I could feel its upward pull before I let go. That was its last movement, because by then somebody downstairs had cut off the current.

The medium was using a sizeable electro magnet planted in the floor. This was a magnet of the "solenoid" type, which has no core. In the round base of the table was a bar of aluminum which was repelled by currents set up by the solenoid magnet. The repellent force pushed the table upward, and the sitters themselves kept it steady in mid-air until the medium gave the signal to dodge. Then the table, no longer held, took an eccentric fling under a full shot of juice.

My stunt of introducing the cavorting quart measure gave the thing away completely and the medium shamefacedly had to admit the fraud.

ANOTHER, even more astounding example of the way mediums are poaching on the preserves of science is one which I had listed in my records as "The Case of the Lilliputian Princess."

Conan Doyle once published some photographs of fairies which were supposed to have actually materialized themselves for human view. Investigators branded the pictures as fakes, which had been foisted on Sir Arthur, whose own sincerity was never questioned. Of course, all mediums insisted such tiny creatures could be materialized and they built this theory to account for it.

When spirits materialize, they gather ectoplasm emanating from the medium and use it to build a substantial form, representing themselves as in life. That is why grandfather materializes wearing his antique clothes with the watch chain and charm across his waistcoat.

Of course, the medium doesn't mention that one of his scouts spotted a photo in the family album and checked the get-up.

I heard that one medium was actually creating tiny creatures right out of ectoplasm, thus trying to prove it to be a life substance. So I went inco- nito to a seance and took two aides along.

The medium sat in a semi-cabinet, facing an inlaid table, while we formed a half circle in front



Medium Drooling Ectoplasm, Which May Be Toothpaste or Any Number of Things.

An EXPOSE of the SPIRITUALISTIC RACKET by JOSEPH DUNNINGER, MASTER MENTALIST and READER of THOUGHTS



of her. In dim light the medium began drooling ectoplasm which looked like toothpaste to me.

As she bent toward the table, she wiped away the ectoplasm with a fold of her robe, and with the same movement deftly unsleeved an object which immediately attracted everyone's attention.

The object was a tiny lady in the nude, so small she could have stood on the medium's hand. Instead, this Lilliputian creature danced about the table and tilted her head gaily, as if to tell us back of conventional garb proved her to be an ectoplasmic wonder.

I nudged my assistants, whispering instructions that sent them sneaking from the dim part of the seance room. I was watching the dance when the medium, emerging from her trance, reached out her hand to coax Miss Ectoplasm in her own direction. Instead, the little dancer bounced right off into my lap.

I still have the dancing doll as a souvenir. It is a wonderful mechanism, the invention of an eccentric Austrian medium who for some unknown reason decided to crack the spiritualist racket by perfecting a device no medium could beat. His plan was a seance room elaborately fitted with infra-red ray projectors with corresponding photo-electric cells.

So numerous were these projectors that the slightest movement of the medium would be transmitted to a control room and exactly duplicated by an articulated figure, so that watchers could trace in miniature every trick attempted by the medium. This device was too complicated and costly for the average investigator to adopt, but this American medium had heard about it and rigged it in reverse.

The inlaid table was the substitute for the control room, and the doll was made as lifelike as possible. In another room, fitted with all the complicated infra-red devices, a living dancer was aiding the fraud by going through the motions the puppet duplicated.

My men had reached the other room and dragged the dancer out just before the conclusion of the seance, which was why the doll staggered across the table edge to land in my lap. That mediums keep up with the latest advances in experimental science was proved recently when I exposed the fraud of the quick-dissolving ghost. Hearing that a certain materialization medium was back in business, I attended one of her seances, expecting to see an ordinary swindle.

SHE was placed in a chair which stood in a skeleton cabinet with cloth walls. While binding her with ropes I studied the chair and recognized it as a type sold as mediumistic paraphernalia.

The chair arms were removable under pressure of concealed catches worked by the elbows, so after we drew the curtain if the cabinet and took our seats in a circle past the center of the room, I

So-called "Psychic Photographs" Popular in the Gullible 1890's. And Right—The Late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Surrounded by the Weird "Spirit" Pictures.

settled down, confident that the medium would soon appear in the disguise of a ghost.

Sure enough, a shining figure came from the curtain into the dim glow of two red lamps in the floor. As I had expected, it was the medium, wearing something coated with luminous paint. Deciding that the only way to expose the fraud was to get into the cabinet and nab her as she returned, I stood up. Then all at once a singular thing occurred.

PRESSING a wall switch, the medium's manager turned on red lights. It seemed a daring move, even though that slow-vibration color never reveals objects very clearly.

But this light was actually a crimson flood, so strong that I thought I could identify the medium by it. As I stared, the ghost instantly dissolved! It was one of the most astonishing disappearances that I have ever witnessed!

By the time I was in through the curtained side of the cabinet, the medium had reached the chair. She put up a struggle when I grabbed her, but people turned on the regular lights and arrived to find out what the scuffle was all about.

In the scuffle I had torn away a fragment of her dress, but it didn't glow when I tested it later. The only remaining clue was the red lights. I learned that scientists had been seeking ways to blot out luminous paint, because it cannot be extinguished during a blackout.

It had been found that the way to kill the luminous effect was to submit the painted article to a powerful red light. This, then, fully explained the dissolving ghost.

I learned, however, that luminous paint could be revived after a red light blotting, by exposing the treated object to several hours of sunlight. I used the process on the piece of dress-goods. Then she and her manager closed shop.

Luminous paint has long been a stand-by with fake mediums in producing spooky phenomena. If you are suddenly astonished during a seance by the sight of a floating skull a few feet above your head, the answer is very simple.

The medium has a square of cardboard bearing the picture of a skull done in luminous paint. Inserting the cardboard in the end of a thin telescopic rod, the medium thrusts it from the cabinet.



One of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Photographs of Fairies—Later Proved a Fraud.

and waves it above the heads of the sitters, thus giving the eerie effect of a skull floating in mid-air.

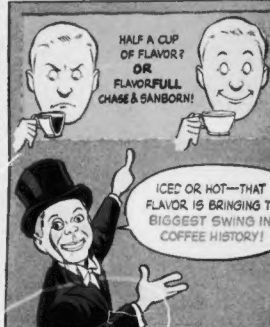
At times spirit faces are thus produced, but the most clever of such devices is known as the grasping hand.

The hand floats through the air, with its fingers wide apart; then suddenly it begins grabbing, closing its fingers so realistically that the sitters rush shrieking from the room.

The clutching illusion is created by painting the square of cardboard on both sides. One side has a luminous picture of an open hand; the other shows a closed hand. As soon as he has thrust the open hand above the heads of the sitters, the medium twirls the reaching rod.

This gives the effect of an old-time moving picture; the skeleton hand seems to close and open.

These are just a few of the scientific shifts that unscrupulous fakers employ to bewilder the gullible. That they are still employing their scientific hoaxes will be told next week when Mr. Dunninger will explain the hermitically-sealed scales.



"On my market list— **BREAD COMES First**"

What else can you get at your grocer's, these days, that gives you as much for your money as bread?

Just look at that panel below and you'll see what we mean. As a result of cooperation between our Government and the Baking Industry every loaf of baker's enriched, white bread is literally *crammed* with important food-values.

And now that it *also* contains Vitamin B₂ (riboflavin)—an essential to normal growth and good nutrition—bread *more than ever* deserves its featured place in one of the "Basic Seven" food groups of the official nutrition program.

See that bread comes first in your meal-planning and you'll put extra nutrition in your family's menus.

WHAT'S NEW IN BREAD? JUST LISTEN!

Made to standards approved by the U. S. Government, every loaf of baker's enriched, white bread contains useful amounts of all these important food-values:

- VITAMIN B₁**—helps maintain good appetite and steady nerves.
- VITAMIN B₂ (riboflavin)**—essential to sturdy growth and normal nutrition.
- NIACIN**—an important factor in the Vitamin B Complex.
- IRON**—helps build good, rich blood.
- PROTEIN**—helps build tissue and promote growth.
- CARBOHYDRATES**—supply food-energy readily turned into useful work.

These standards have been assured for all baker's white bread through the joint efforts of the U. S. Government and the Baking Industry in the past two years.

BREAD IS BASIC

P.S.—MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE
WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

LAST OF PARIS' UNHOLY 'COURT OF MIRACLES'

The Festering Nest of Beggars and Phony Cripples Made Famous by Victor Hugo's Writings Has Given Way to a Nazi Dream of Defense



LISBON
THE "Court of Miracles," Paris' most famous and infamous slum, is being turned into a fortress against the Allies.

Such is the word that has filtered through underground channels regarding the facts behind a recent announcement made by the Nazi radio in the former French capital.

According to the Nazis, the Court of Miracles, immortalized by Victor Hugo, and by Francois Villon, who once ruled there, is to be destroyed as part of a general plan to beautify Paris according to German notions.

Along with it, the Nazis say they intend to destroy the walls of Paris, in the shadow of which the Court of Miracles has long spent its evil and sinister existence.

Fears of impending invasion, however, are reported actually to have prompted the Nazis to convert the old walls into a modern fortification ringing the city, behind which, if necessary, the occupying garrison can make a last-ditch stand.

Not that the Court of Miracles would be greatly missed. For the hideous slums have been an ugly birthmark upon the complexion of Paris since ancient days.

Nobody knows just when the Court of Miracles got its start. It was long ago. For a while, with its vermin and its vagrants, it festered within the gates of Paris until an early Louis drove it out. Then it was re-established outside the city walls and, as successive kings of France enlarged the city and extended the fortifications, it moved just beyond.

The last walls were built during the reign of Louis Philippe (1830-1848) and stood until 1919. Workmen began their demolition then as part of the capital's postwar rebuilding. Today there is scarcely a vestige left of the ramparts.

The high-sounding name of the colony was derived from the pseudo-miracles accomplished there. After making themselves up to resemble all kinds of pitiful cripples, by such tricks as strapping an arm to the body and dangling an empty coat-sleeve, or binding a lower leg to the



Court of Miracles When Francois Villon Ruled There. (By Gustave Dore.)



Faking Beggar Pinning His Sleeve Over a Perfectly Good Arm.

Secret Underground Passages and Dungeons Honeycombed the Ruins of the Old Fortifications.

thigh to show only a stump, residents of the district would hobble around Paris, begging for a living. But when night came they would "miraculously" recover from their "deformities."

Nothing was too low for these disciples of evil. Among them were gypsy encampments where stolen

children were hidden in accordance with the custom of the notorious Prince Liuba Cerebowski, who kidnapped 47 small ones, maimed their bodies and sold them to beggar

wrestler at street fairs, founded a notorious school of thieves close by the Porte Chatillon.

The less daring restricted their activities to prowling among the refuse boxes of the city at dawn, plucking discarded clothing, wire, cans, wine bottles, buttons and kitchen crusts from the debris. Late in the day they gathered in the Court of Miracles and bartered their recoveries for a few

Paris Ragpicker's Siesta After a Hard Day's Work.



La Goulue, Once "Queen of the Can-can."

cliques for exploitation in the solicitation of money.

There, like Fagin, Emile Charon, itinerant peddler and sometime

sous or articles of their own desire.

Some of the habits were thoroughgoing fakers. There was a certain beggar who haunted the entrances of St. Philippe du Roule Church. He hobbled about on crutches, gathering many francs from the pious. At nightfall he tossed aside his crutches, made his "lame" legs whole, and danced in dives along the Boulevard Ornano.

A few piled up fortunes. After a while they even were able to retire. They discarded rags to enjoy riches, adding to their stakes by selling their accoutrement and their lucrative begging locations to others.

Death frequently disclosed the true status of the best of the lot. Jacques Permannon, a hunchback who took a stand on the parvis of Notre Dame, left 100,000 gold francs to a girl friend. Charles Baradet had 32,000 francs in a pillow when he was found dead on his ragged couch. Mere Michel, a woman panhandler, left ten times as much.

The stock-in-trade of Pere Antoine was a humped back, which aroused pity among passers-by. When he died it was discovered that his deformity was a disguised treasure chest containing 96,000 francs.

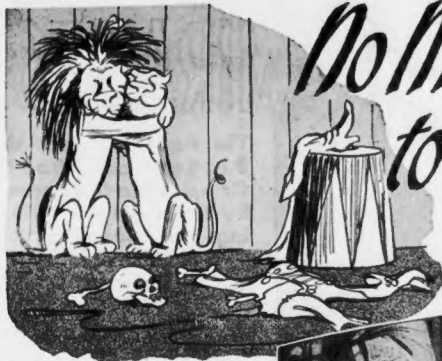
Hippolyte Vitasse, a lean tatterdemalion who staked out Menilmontant for his fraud, kept a daily record of his unholy profits. He wrote a book on "The Art of Begging."

Forgotten celebrities occasionally found success in the misery of the Court of Miracles. La Goulue, de-throned "Queen of the Can-can," lived in a wagon near the Porte Montmartre. Lucie de Matha, one-time favorite of the footlights, lodged with her pet dogs in a van at St. Denis. Raymond Gran, a baritone of the Paris Opera, died in a hovel—a miser with 300,000 francs stuffed inside the mattress of his squalid bed.

The tawdry history of the Court of Miracles is filled with such tales. But, of course, there will be no more. The Nazis in Paris (they say) are going to take good care of that.



Three Lions Street



No More Lion Steaks to Build up Nogo's Courage

If Eating Lion Meat Makes a Human Brave, Maybe This Might Happen If the Beasts Were to Eat Their Keepers. A Lion (Right) Before Being Served Up to Parisian Seekers of Courage.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Explorer, Author of "Jungle
Ways," Etc.

WHEN a lion eats a man, nobody's very much surprised. It happens frequently in the bush. But when a man turns around and starts eating lions, well, anything can happen, and in this particular case plenty did.

Recently, a gigantic Zulu warrior named Nogo had eaten so many astonished monarchs of the forest, believing their flesh induced courage by magic, that he was sure this desirable magic had made him the bravest man in the world.

The British Rangers at Johannesburg, South Africa, who have sent us the amazing facts, were even more astonished than the lions. For the killings occurred in Kruger National Park, where the king of beasts is protected from all hunters by law.

Nogo defied the Rangers in a series of hair-breadth escapes, once fighting his way out of a cave where they found him sleeping on piles of lion bones. He was finally caught by making the same mistake that betrayed Samson in the Bible. He confided the secret of his strength to a damsel. Nogo's dark Delilah was a handsome girl named Lania. She taunted him one day:

"If you're braver than any lion now," she twitted, "it's time you prove it in combat with a big lion. It's cowardly to set traps, the way you've always done."

"All right," said Nogo, "I'll kill one hand-to-hand, with no other weapon than a knife."

Lania was so proud and excited she couldn't keep the secret. She told her girl friends, who told others. The Rangers got wind of it. So, when Nogo stalked his lion, he was stalked in turn by the girls, who wanted to see the battle. And they were all stalked by the Rangers.

Gigantic Nogo, unconscious of his double audience, cornered a huge, rearing lion in mortal combat. It was a grand fight. He was clawed a little, but buried his knife triumphantly in the lion's throat. As the girls leaped out from behind rocks and trees to glorify him, the Rangers leaped out also, to arrest him. And then a desperate chase was



The Zulu Warrior Who
Went on a Bravery
Diet Had More Nerve
Than He Knew

begun. But Nogo slipped on a stone, twisted his leg, and was caught.

The Rangers and Commissioner Pawling admire Nogo so much that they hope to persuade him to change his meat diet and join the native constabulary.

The magnificent savage, who really does possess immense strength and courage, didn't know he'd been doing anything that might be considered wrong.

He was simply practicing the oldest of all magic, sympathetic or homeopathic magic, if you want to be technical. You eat the heart of the lion, and become lion-hearted yourself. You eat his powerful muscles, and become strong as he.

All primitives believe that, by eating the flesh of any animal,



Mme. Gina Manes, French
Screen Star, Tried Lion
Steaks Provided by Hippolyte Rosse (Left).



you acquire that animal's qualities. But these beliefs are not confined to savages alone. The most fantastic and elaborate manifestations I've ever witnessed occurred not in Africa, but in the center of fashionable, sophisticated Paris.

Returning from the Ivory Coast in 1930, I was present when the Countess de Penhoel launched her "lion heart cult" among the notable sensation-seekers of that extravagant era.

It was the most astounding festival since the days of Nero and Petronius. They included me because I had the reputation of knowing a lot about magic. The banquet, based on principles defined in Frazer's "Golden Bough," was served in Countess de Penhoel's palace, in the Avenue Charles Floquet.

The 30 guests included Poet Jean Cocteau, Princess Murat,

Colette, the French
Novelist, Slept on
Lion Skins to Give
Her Courage; But
the Lion Meat
Didn't Tempt Her.



Nogo, the Lion-Eating Zulu, Who
Almost Succeeded in Becoming
the Bravest Man in the World.

Academician Reinach, Publisher Grasset, Lady Cynthia Johns and Author Pirandello. The viands had been flown from Algeria and Turkey. The place card menus read:

Brains of Fox en Canape
(to instill wisdom)
Puree of Nightingales' Tongues
(for eloquence)
Breast of Peacock
(for pride)
Heart of Lion
(for courage)
Honey from Hymettus
(heavenly sweetness)

I was sorry about the nightingales' tongues, but enjoyed the rest. We were violating no law, but it caused a scandal later.

In 1936 Hippolyte Rosse, a bushy-bearded Marseille big game hunter, turned the idea into a commercial racket. He made millions by supplying credulous clients with lion meat, "guaranteed to instill valor in timid people." Among them were Novelist Colette, Screen Star Gina Manes, Pierre Mille, and some embarrassed generals.

Magistrate Venquin, who convicted Rosse, expressed surprise that such brilliant people could be so stupid as to "put faith and money in such a childish swindle."

At the racket's height, Rosse was even selling canned "lion hearts" for fabulous sums, and the trial was clouded by suspicion that these were merely beef hearts bought cheaply from a slaughterhouse in Batignolles.

Perhaps not all the members of the Paris cult took their diet of lion meat seriously, but it is known that many white persons have.

There's a queer thing about magic. Lion meat is no different from other meat. Yet, eating it will give you a lion's courage, as it did Nogo in Africa—if you believe it strongly enough. The simple keyword to this kind of magic, in the dictionary of psychology, is self-hypnosis.





Boy, we gave that THOR a 10-year workout the first month!

Some of us hadn't had clean clothes for I don't want to tell you how long. Then thanks to somebody up Top, a Thor Washer came to camp, and the laundry got stacked so high it would have frightened every Chinese laundry-man in America.

But it didn't faze the Thor. We loaded her to the top (which you shouldn't do), started her going, *and she hasn't stopped yet.*

No machine ever got a tougher workout, or gave a sweeter performance.

If you have been yearning for a Thor, ask your Thor dealer to let you sign his Thor Priority Register. This is his list of first-to-be-served customers. Get your name down for one of the very first Thors to be released. You pay nothing now, are not obligated to buy later, but you are assured a priority of attention when the new Thors are available again.



Thousands and thousands of our boys have found out what a glorious invention the washing machine is. In jungle swamps or Icelandic snows, they've seen the Thor perform miracles of endurance. And being men, they admire the Thor as a wonderful engineering job.

But to a woman now beset with laundry problems, the Thor is a longed-for answer to prayer. If she could see the plans for the new Thor, her eagerness would be increased a hundredfold. For the new Thor is *automatic* in operation, with features that you'd never dream were possible.

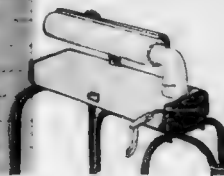


The famous THOR WASHER that has made wash day a happy day for millions of women!

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OPEN
UNTIL
VICTORY

NEW
Thor
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The THOR GLADIRON... women said it couldn't be improved... but wait and see!

Here under wraps... Is the grandest THOR Washer of all... to be ready after the war!

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Electric Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago

Plants in Chicago and Bloomington, Illinois;
Toronto, Canada; London, England



Why

Scientists Have Been Able to Create Twins in Animals a Few Times—But Never in Humans—And Until This Is Possible Mr. Stork Will Have Full Charge of Delivering Multiple Bundles.

By IRMIS JOHNSON

WHAT is the scientific explanation of the current deluge of twins, triplets, quadruplets, and—maybe—quintuplets? Is it somehow mysteriously related to the war? Or are people reverting in evolution to the day when nearly all creatures brought many babies into the world at one time?

These questions are being asked everywhere today as a result of the unusual number of multiple births reported within the last six months.

In New York City, for instance, one set of triplets and another of quads were born in the same hospital only a day apart. A couple of weeks later, in Brooklyn, three-of-a-kind arrived so hastily that two of them were born in a car speeding toward the hospital, and a third arrived while the mother was in that institution's elevator.

All of this happened just about the time that the country had stopped talking about the quadruplets born to the unmarried British sweetheart

of a young American soldier. Scarcely a week after the remarkable cable stories from England, came a report from the Argentine of the birth of quintuplets to the wife of a wealthy business man—the second quintuplets ever to have survived.

Nearly four months after the arrival of the first British quads, another set of three boys and a girl—was born to Mrs. Daisy Moxham, wife of an RAF flier. For twins, they're commonplace these days.

There are two scientific explanations for the phenomenon.

One, which still is in the theoretical stage, is that better nutrition and improved living conditions actually may be causing women to become more prolific. An apple tree, which receives the proper soil and care will produce more and better apples. Similarly, human beings under favorable conditions, it is theorized, may produce more and better children.

A much more reasonable and logical explanation, however, is that through advances in medical science multiple offspring today have the best chance in history to survive the perils that surround them, both before and after birth.

Fifty years ago, for instance, twins and triplets almost invariably came as a surprise to both the doctor and mother. Now, through X-ray, their arrivals can be anticipated well in advance, and all arrangements made to care for them.

Multiple babies are always small, sometimes so small that they cannot survive after birth under ordinary conditions. Medical science now meets this problem with baby incubators, into which the tiny boys and girls are stowed at birth and kept until they are big enough to face the rigors of mundane existence.

Thus, "multis" now get almost an even deal, whereas in the past the cards were stacked against them long before they were born.

Early diagnosis, says Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, greatly helps doctors of the present day in bringing more such babies into the world alive.

Take for instance the birth of quads to Mrs. Eleanor Zariel in the Sloane Hospital,



New York, last March. Like every wise prospective mother, Mrs. Zariel consulted her personal physician early. She had the benefit of periodic examinations, advice on diet and other details involved in prenatal care.

LAST December, when an unusual increase in weight made it seem likely that more than one baby might be expected X-ray pictures were taken. They disclosed the tiny bones of four offspring.

This made it important to take special precautions. Rest, freedom from worry, and avoidance of undue physical stresses are absolutely necessary for the mother-to-be who expects her blessed event in duplicate, triplicate or quadruplicate.

These are medical measures designed to delay the babies' births as long as possible, since one of the greatest hazards of having several babies at one time is that they usually are extremely premature. The incompletely developed infants are easily injured at birth, may succumb to breathing difficulties, develop fevers, or in other ways be unable to cope with their advent into the world.

Frequently in the past these plural "preemies" have been stillborn.

To prevent any of these tragedies, Mrs. Zariel was ordered into the hospital last February for more complete rest than she would get at home, and a week before the quads' arrival another X-ray picture was taken. This showed the exact position of the babies.

Later, during the crucial half-hour when the three little girls and one boy were born in rapid succession, the doctor was prepared for each move he must make. There were no emergencies. The babies were perfectly formed and each weighed about five pounds.

The quads soon were joined in the hospital nursery by three little girls, the triplet daughters of Mrs. Muriel Bachant; a three-in-one bundle whose Corporal daddy is serving with the armed forces overseas. Like the Zariel babies, these



Tireless Care Saw the Dionne Quints Through Hazardous First Days Spent in an Ordinary Butcher's Basket. Today's Tiny Multiples Are Placed in Streamlined "Baby Savers" (Left) With Scientifically Controlled Heat, Humidity and Air Purity.

Is the Stork Working Overtime?



His Production Line Always Increases During War, and Science Is Trying to Find Out Just What Makes His Orders So Big



The Second Living Set of Quintuplets, the Five Little Dilligents of Buenos Aires, Owe Their Perfect Health, Experts Say, to Scientific Feeding.

Thus it wasn't because of medical science applied at the time of birth that these were midgets with a combined weight of only a little more than 13 pounds pulled through. But postnatal care inaugurated immediately afterward, and a sunny heredity on the part of the little girls, enabled them to grow up to hold the title of the only quints who ever lived more than 50 days. Now they share that honor with the Dilligent five of Buenos Aires, recently recognized as authentic by medical authorities.

The useful X-ray technique for finding out how many babies to expect usually isn't applied until about the sixth or seventh month of gestation, experts explain, and then is repeated once just before delivery. Too frequent use of X-rays, the doctors realize, might prove harmful to the infants.

While medicos credit what seems to be an unprecedented handout of multiple babies to the mere fact that more of them are born alive and brought to public attention, there still are other people who like to imagine that Nature is compensating for the lives lost in war; replacing the results of man's self-destruction by doubling, tripling and quadrupling her usual method of supplying one baby at a time to proud mamas and papas.

A check of U. S. Bureau of Census figures shows that during World War I, and immediately following it, there was a noticeable increase in multiple births. This never has been adequately explained.

Similarly, another wartime birth mystery still goes unanswered.

Whenever men by hundreds of thousands give their lives in battle, statistics show there is a definite increase in the percentage of boy babies born. This has been variously attributed to intervention of Providence, malnutrition of mothers in wartime, which is alleged to produce boy offspring rather than girls, and an increase in marriages and first born, among whom there is known to be a preponderance of males.

None of these possible causes, experts conclude, satisfactorily explains the matter.

Now it turns out from a scientific study of birth records of quads and quints that boys far outrank girls in number in such combinations. This gives added emphasis to the theory that Nature may not only be trying to make up for lost lives, but is using every trick to contribute more males and so keep this world from becoming a dreary woman's domain.

Other would-be puzzle solvers suggest that better ways of communicating news from all parts of the world merely are bringing more two's, three's and four's of a kind to public attention.

Everyone remembers such outstanding cases as the birth of the British quads to the ex-WAT, Nora Carpenter and S/Sgt. William Thompson of Pittsburgh. Their war-born romance, and the tragedy of the American wife of Sergeant Thompson, served to make the babies more likely lime-light characters than they would have been under less heart-rending circumstances.

The idea of bringing what amounts to a whole family into the world at one time has tickled the senses of speculators. It has been pointed out that a universal all-in-one way of acquiring sons and daughters would be economically advantageous.

It would require a minimum of the mother's time; only one stay at the hospital; fewer nurse and doctor bills. The youngsters would be insured suitable companions in their growing-up period.

But pity poor Pop when they all got ready to go to college, make a debut or be set up in business the same year.

Yet, no proud parent of multiple babies will cringe at the future outlook, and science has watched the growing number of such offspring with much interest.

The famous Keyes quadruplets, born in Hollis, Oklahoma, and graduated from Baylor University, Texas, were among the earliest to be studied in an attempt to learn more about the influence of heredity and environment on human beings. Two of these girls, Roberta and Mona, are mirror images of each other and what is known as one-egg or identical twins. The other two, Leota and Mary, are no more similar than any ordinary sisters would be.

Mona and Roberta, it has been found, think and act more nearly alike than the other two. In fact they sometimes show a mental telepathy.

EVEN more important facts may eventually be learned from the 14-year-old Morlock sisters of Michigan, who are the only known living one-egg or identical quadruplets. They are living the lives of normal little girls, without any special attention being paid to them, and offer a good chance of comparison with other normal children who do not have identical heredity.

In contrast to these girls are the four Perricone boys of Texas, known as the alphabetical quadruplets because they are named Anthony, Bernard, Carl and Donald. These boys, although all born at the same time, are distinctly different from one another—each believed to originate from a separate egg cell.

In normal times twins are born once in every 37 times, triplets once in 7,563, quads once in 658,533 births, and quints, theoretically once about every 57,000,000 times.

Whether or not this proportion is increasing, a safeguard for all multiple babies would be an acceptance of the importance of medical progress in improving their chances to live. If the stork seems likely to be over-generous, doctors and parents should know about it in ample time.



Another "Multi" Problem Is Transportation—Solved in the Case of the Morlock Sisters With This Convenient Carriage Built for Four.

A Single Hospital and Doctor Bill, a Minimum Requirement of Time—Maybe Raising a Whole Family at Once Is Cheaper, But There's the Disadvantage, Mrs. Muriel Bachant Found, of an Overwhelming 3-in-1 Job at Home.

multis, by the use of the X-ray, had been correctly diagnosed long before their arrival.

Even in cases of babies born two to three months too soon, medical science is better able to meet the emergencies than heretofore.

There are, obstetricians point out, two all-important rules for taking care of premature babies immediately at birth. One is to keep them warm. The other is to supply them with fluids right away. This is because their incompletely developed bodies are easily dehydrated.

It undoubtedly is largely due to the fact that the Dionne quints, born at Callander, Ontario, in 1934, were kept warm, though only wrapped in old sheets at first and surrounded with hot water bottles, that they survived the first few hours.

MRS. DIONNE, already the mother of five children at the age of 25, never had reported pregnancies until the time of birth. Just 14 days before the famous quints arrived, her husband consulted Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo on her behalf because she seemed abnormally ill. On the night the babies arrived the doctor got a hurry call and found two babies already born when he arrived.

No preparations had been made except for a teakettle of boiling water on the stove. Two neighbors were acting as midwives. The father could not be found at the moment.

When all five babies had been delivered, Mrs. Dionne went into a state of shock. As evidence that the doctor didn't expect the little ones to live, he baptized each one separately.

Finally, the babies were bathed and placed in an ordinary butcher's basket lined with heated blankets. For weeks it was a touch-and-go battle.

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WHITE again EASY!



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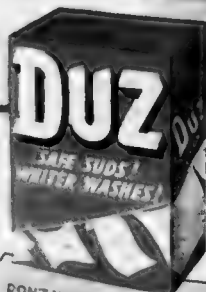
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Work-clothes, children's play-clothes—or just plain white shirts—whatever it is—let DUZ do your dirty work. DUZ really does it—it's Procter & Gamble's new kind of soap that can't be beat for getting the dirtiest clothes clean and white.

But DUZ does more than that. It's safer for colors than any other leading washday soap—safer even for rayon undies. And DUZ is kinder to hands in the dishpan. DUZ does everything!



DON'T WASTE SOAP—MAKE
DUZ DO MORE FOR YOU!

Measure DUZ in a cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.
Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.
Use the same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.

Prince and a Magic Castle for the Real-Life Cinderella

Adele Picked Wealthy Inventor Zerk's Name Out of a Filing Cabinet, Married Him—And a Scientific Wonderland With a Machine for Everything Except Dishwashing, Which Her Prince Charming Does Himself



Oscar U. Zerk, Inventor, Played Prince Charming to His Cinderella Bride.

Below — Mrs. Zerk (Born Zirk) on a Personally Conducted Tour of Her Husband's Luxurious Gadget-Equipped Estate.

masses of wreckage from a depth of 3,000 feet. After the war he came back to the United States and became a world authority on automobile lubrication systems. Zerk greases guns and fittings on standard equipment on U. S. warships, planes, tanks, jeeps and trucks; on millions of cars, on most modern farm machinery and in industrial lubrication. In his basement workshop Zerk is not only producing new inventions, but also installing Jeweler's machinery with which he will provide added lustre to his collection of gems.

Yet he has still had time to satisfy his instincts for home-making. Shelves in the magic castle are filled with canned fruits and vegetables which he put up last year. He buys goat milk from the neighbors and makes his own cheese.

Almost every week some new gadget is added to the castle's amazing collection. The wine cellar in the basement, which is stocked with rare and expensive vintages, is kept at an even temperature the year around by a new type of air conditioning. With electric heating units he has grown Wisconsin's largest strawberries.

His bride never knows for sure what will happen when she presses a button or turns on a switch. When she snapped on the light on her dressing table, the frosted-glass top lit up and illuminated her face in the most flattering fashion.

But the inventor doesn't approve of all inventions. A guest to whom Adele was showing her gleaming white kitchen, with its ultra-modern mechanical aids, remarked on the absence of an electric dishwasher.

"No, we haven't any," Adele agreed. "But Oscar insists on doing all the dishes, so we don't need one."

"Oh, we've got one, all right," her husband interrupted, lifting the top off a table and exhibiting a complicated apparatus. "But I have a better system—like this."

He turned on a hot water tap, held a dish under it and scrubbed briskly. It seem to work very well.



WHEN Adele Zirk reached into the filing cabinet at a New Jersey airplane factory, she drew out not only a Prince Charming and a coach-and-four, but a magic castle as well. And none of them is going to vanish at midnight.

Adele is the daughter of a hard-working florist at Caldwell, N. J., who raises pansies for some of the large estates nearby. She was 23 when she started as a mail messenger early last year in the Curtiss-Wright plant at Caldwell. By this spring she was a posting clerk in the production planning department, at \$30 a week.

She is interested in genealogy. Her great-grandfather on her mother's side was Richard Emidy, a member of the court of Queen Victoria. Her great-granduncle on the same side was the Most Rev. John Carter, Bishop of London. Her father, born in New York City, is of German descent and she didn't know much about his family.

So, when she came across a filing card with the name of Oscar U. Zerk, she decided he might have some link with the Zirks. She decided to write him and find out.

"Mr. Zerk not only wrote back but telephoned me," Adele explained. "He had the nicest voice over the phone. He said he didn't know about any relationship, but he asked for my photograph. I asked him for his. Then we sent each other pictures."

"Pretty soon he wrote, asking if I could visit his place in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mother told me to ask him to come east first. So he visited me."

It was something of a surprise to the war plant Cinderella to discover that her suitor was a wealthy engineer, scientist, inventor and art con-

noisseur who had retired at 63.

Zerk asked Adele and her mother to accompany him back to Kenosha and have a look at Dunmowin, his estate. He had designed it and built it, and there were plenty of features to please a young girl who had been brought up on a New Jersey farm.

His guests felt as though they were in an enchanted castle in a make-believe world. Every spot on the beautifully landscaped grounds the garden house, the garage, the porches, the picturesque lake and its bridge, the waterfall that springs from the base of the chimney beside the mansion, even the stately trees along the drive—all glowed at night in indirect lighting that transformed the place into a fairyland.

The house, with its matched mahogany panelling and entrancing vistas, was filled with potted flowers and masterpieces of art, each of which was lighted individually by bulbs sunk in the floor. Huge single-pane windows in every room created the illusion of outdoor living.

Some of the windows, occupying whole walls, fooled the birds so completely that many were stunned by flying against the glass.

Cleverly-hidden loudspeakers brought music to every room from a central radio, which could be controlled from any part of the house. Doors opened automatically before they were touched.

It was a dream house, and Adele

had her dreams.

She was impressed, too, by the charm and vivacity of its owner. He was as impetuous as any schoolboy lover, and insisted that she must make up her mind before returning home. Adele wired her father. And so, 12 days after she had met her prince of inventions, she had become his bride.

Every day she learned something new about her husband. He had left his native Austria in 1901 for England, where, after he had spent his last shilling on an invention to revolutionize the weaving industry, it clicked. He made his first stake.

He came to the United States and decided to try the automotive field. In Cleveland he asked dealers and mechanics what part of an automobile most needed improvement. They told him lubrication, so he invented a new grease cup.

In 1913 Zerk returned to Austria to visit his parents. The war caught him and he became a captain in the Austro-Hungarian Engineers. One of his feats was the invention of a huge electro-magnetic tool which was credited with restoring the war-damaged Ploesti oil fields by pulling up great



A Look Around Reno Told the Eastern Tail That He Wasn't Properly Equipped for Prospecting

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER VIII

RENO, Nev. Of here in the great open spaces where men are men and the women aim to keep 'em that way, the colorful story of The Cowboy and the Lady is so familiar that well-told contentment is automatic.

That is automatic in 99 cases out of 100. The hundredth case, which results in a happy and lasting marriage, breeds sheer amazement.

There are three possible endings to the love story, continuous and slightly feverish romance between the lady tenderfoot and the cowboy.

No. 1 is the rare happy ending indicated above. No. 2 is the passing of transitory marriage lasting from 24 hours to a year or so before the party of the first part gets fed up with the party in the flat Western hat, the tight-fitting britches and the utterly basic.

No. 3 results in either formal or informal marriage until such time as the innocent country boy has mated the lady, if such she be, of every penny in her possession, including the cattle or dude ranch she inevitably buys her lanky love along the banks of the Truckee or in the beau-tiful Washoe Valley.

Yes, sir, pretty, the Truckee and the Washoe are strewn with ranches now owned by smart financiers who cottoned up to lady dudes, rapid and hog-tied 'em and trimmed 'em before deciding to kick 'em out on the seats of their fancy-cut Western opera pants.

Yippee, YIPPIE! This is the land of opportunity for that simple child of nature, the cowboy. All he has to do is hang around the Reno bars, and the divorces do the rest. Usually the gals can't tell the dude store from the dude type, and are equal to leaps or misadventure with either one.

Noting this fact, a graduate of the University of Virginia switched his act here several years ago. He has never seen cause to rue the day.

A likely lad, he left the Jeffersonian halls of his Alma Mater on graduation and went directly to Lake Tahoe, that lovely, lofty lake in the Rockies 15 miles from Reno, to become a counselor at an expensive summer camp for boys.

He was innocent of the ways of Reno but not ignorant of the way the world works. Two trips to Reno and a round of his chic saloons convinced him he was in the wrong racket. He resigned his job as counselor, sold his Eagle Scout medals, came to Reno and invested his all in a cowboy outfit.

The ladies, Lord love 'em, did the rest. Within six weeks, he was the happy bridegroom of a woman whose ardor was more than compensated for by her millions. She made him very happy for a few years until he saw the Main Chance again, divorced her, and obtained a handsome settlement. Then he promptly married an even richer and richer dame.

Here, certainly, was a lad on whom a college education was not wasted.

The story of Joan Kaufman Biddle Wintersteen Polk Ladd and two marriages with Reno's whitest cowboy, Frank Polk, is worth retelling here not because it is exceptional, but because it is so terribly, terribly ordinary, so typical of such Reno romances. Believe it or not.

Joan is the daughter of Mrs. Louis G. Kaufman of New York and Palm Beach. Her late father was one of Manhattan's most influential bankers. Only Morgenthau had more money and Joan and her family could walk up to Mrs. Van derbilt and offer her any sum of money.

Joan had lived all her life in the Ivy League and Main Line sets until she went west to divorce—at



Investing His All in a Cowboy Outfit, the Gold Seeker Hit the Reno Ranges With a Gusto and Finesse That Brought Him Several Proposals of Marriage From Love-Hungry Divorces. Naturally, He Accepted the Oldest and Richest.

separate in towels—a brace of extremely social husbands. First was a G. O. R. E. Drexel, little of Philadelphia, and the second, Joseph M. Wintersteen. Her current husband is William P. Ladd, an American sometimes known as "The King of Nassau."

It was on her second business trip to Reno that Joan met Polk, a prominent member of local cowboy and artistic sets. A whitest virtuoso, Polk bewitched Reno over with an exhibition of his art including a remarkably accurate and artistic whittled reproduction of a ranch complete with fences, barns, buildings, house and requisite animals.

To make a long story shorter, Joan married the whittling cowboy on Jan. 31, 1941. But the spring thaw included Joan. She divorced him.

RENO has long since given up trying to fathom the way of a cowboy with a divorce, or vice versa. So it simply shrugged its collective shoulders when she remarried him the following day, April 12.

After Joan divorced her Frank on April 11, her attorney put her on the eastbound plane for home and mother. But when Joan went to take her suit—surprise, surprise! The whittler was there.

Apparently Frank was as handy with gab as with a pocket knife and a piece of wood. For by the time the plane came down at Elko, Nev., for more fuel, Frank had persuaded his ex-wife to return to him. They were remarried at Elko.

But the second try was no more successful than the first. Joan finally divorced Frank once and for all on July 17, 1941.

At the time of the second divorce, Polk, dis-covered with friends at the Round-Up Bar, made a

classic statement for all time regarding The Cowboy and the Lady.

His lament, in part, pointed out that "Ladies don't get cowboys because a good cowboy is just a glorified chump. When I get straightened out, I'm going to forget all about Eastern women."

"People seem to think cowboys marry these here Eastern women to get money out of them, but I married Joan because I loved her. I don't know if she ever loved me, but if she did, well, then she should have stayed put in the buggy."

"My cowboy friends in Arizona preached to me for years that the big thing was to come to Reno and marry an Eastern divorcee. But take it from me, that sermon is the nuts. A few weeks or months and then the whole thing is basted."

"But don't get me wrong. Any cowboy is just as good as any Easterner. The only thing a cowboy lacks is education. Those Eastern girls go to finish school and learn how to get into trouble."

"Now Western girls really know what's what. They won't marry cowboys because cowboys won't stay put in the saddle, but these Eastern girls think we're romantic. They must be loco, because there's nothing romantic about a cowboy, a judgehead hound and a couple of steers."

"Like the rest of Eastern women who marry cowboys, Joan put me on a pedestal and then kicked the pedestal out from under me. Look at me! I've just landed!"

It is even more poetically summed up in the madrigals of Lt. Jack Watt, now in the U. S. Cavalry but formerly a moon-patrol star of horse opera and before that a dude wrangler at the Del Monte and the Tumbling Down, two of Reno's best dude ranches.

In Hollywood Jack was known as Brad King, and played with Bill Boyd in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series.

JACK was a handy man with either a gun-ear, a boss or a lady dude. A tall, handsome kid, he made some home recordings of his playin' and sang for Dory and Enmy Wood, owners of the Tumbling Down, before he left the call to picture acting in Hollywood.

One of his classics, and there is little doubt that it contains more truth than pretty, follows:

"I work on a dude ranch near Reno, (Givin' thrills to these divorce-seeking dames. Every morning it's a splittin' headache, Every night it's one or more flames."

"One was a lady from Fresno, One was a gal from Spokane, One was the wife of a guy servin' life, Another was a guy one from Maine."

"A gay young divorcee, she won me, 'Seken' love in the West for a change, Now I'm a ginko in spurs, And the fault was all hers: Gosh, I wish I was back on the range!"

"Why in the world do rich women come out here to marry cowboys?" is the puzzled question that at least a thousand local citizens have asked in recent weeks. I thought that question over.

Out of This World—in Reno

Fantastic Story of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Alimony in the Dizzy Divorce Capital Where Law and License Never Clash



Joan Kaufman Biddle Wintersteen Polk Ladd and Frank Polk, "Whittler" Cowboy and the Lady.

seven months before she went to Reno to divorce her first husband, Russell Arthur Walker.

A few days after that decree was handed her, she married Cowboy Warren Holton, top hand of the Lazy A dude ranch.

Holton was an outstanding rancher in cowboy circles. He was good looking and robust and had made a reputation throughout the cow country as a rodeo rider and performer.

More than that, Holton was a cowboy who had the happy faculty of making real money.

But his sterling character failed to hold the lady. One month later she divorced him.

There was more to Jean's story than her mere marriage to Holton, however. It was a typical Cowboy and the Lady story in that she had come west to divorce her first husband allegedly to marry Rusty (Rutherford) Harkness, grandson of the late Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

But this devotion to a former Shirley Davis—had she not been divorced—had not been enough for her.

It is not at all unusual for a woman to come here, intent on divorcing one man to marry another back East, and to forget both in her enthusiasm for a cowboy.

That's the way this Reno atmosphere has affected so many of them.

There is one case on record in which a woman divorced her husband, and her ex-husband that day and flew to San Francisco on a honeymoon. She was back in Reno by plane the following afternoon, filed suit for a second divorce—this time from the cowboy—and received it.

That night she took the plane east and married her New York yoked fiancé, and to this day doesn't know of his wife's romantic interlude in boss jeans, a cowboy hat and a divorce.

In next week's installment, Miss Robb will tell of Reno gambling, with some of its colorful incidents that set Reno apart from other widely-heralded arenas of chance.



But His Career Didn't Begin Until He Shed Her in the Divorce Court and Plucked an Even Richer "Reno Widow."

It may confuse Nevadans to whom a cowboy is as familiar as a taxi jockey to a New Yorker. But I think I have the clue.

"Chum, you never lived exclusively with the Ivy League. I always began the explanation. 'You have never been forced to associate exclusively, through birth and social station, with graduates of fair Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Doubtless your formative years were never spent with a crew haircut.'"

"Nor have you ever had to listen night after night after endless night to the light chit-chat of a fired Wall Street broker or customer's man whose disposition has not been improved by Dr. New Deal."

"If such had been your fate, you probably woulda stood in bed with a good book. So do not be too hard on illiterate little gals with finishing school educations who come here and are bowled over by men with muscles. Out here where men are men they not only have hair on their chest, but on their pants, which you Westerners call 'chaps.' But be that as it may, it is a mighty, mighty attractive combination to a feminine Ivy Leaguer."

True, the cowboy usually palls quicker than the Ivy Leaguer. One might well consider the case of Joan Bennett of New York, daughter of Composer Robert Russell Bennett, who was married a full



Youthful Grace Leonard, the Professor's Third Wife, Soon Fled From His "Mental Prison."

By WARREN HALL

AMERICA'S most celebrated prisoner has been set free. He was set free in the only way he could be, by death—for Prof. William Ellery Leonard was a prisoner of agoraphobia and ophophobia, curious mental quirks that made him dread crowds and open spaces.

It started when he was three years old. His mother took him to a railroad station. As the train approached, young Billy leaned from the platform far out over the tracks.

The locomotive seemed to leap at him, like some live monster. He jerked back, screaming, and a little of the live steam burned him.

As he grew older and became Professor Leonard of the University of Wisconsin, the searing fright gradually faded from his conscious mind. But it remained in his subconscious, and finally it succeeded in walling him into a mental prison which kept him confined to a six-block radius of his home in Madison, Wis., for a period of more than 30 years—until his death.

The little boy who was almost bitten by the roaring, steaming behemoth developed into a seemingly normal youth. He attended Brown University and received a master's degree from Harvard. Then he earned a doctorate at Columbia, and went abroad to do graduate work at the Universities of Göttingen and Bonn, in Germany. Trains didn't bother him, at least at that time.

He taught Latin at Boston University, was principal of a Massachusetts high school for awhile, and then, in 1906, joined the faculty of Wisconsin University as an English instructor. It was there he met Charlotte Freeman and married her.

Free at Last from His Prison of Fear

Scholarly Professor Leonard Lived His Life Behind a Wall Created by His Own Mind Because He Had a Horror of Travel and Crowds From Which Only Death Could Liberate Him



Professor William Ellery Leonard Was So Terrified of the World That He Became America's Most Famous Healthy Shut-In.

but, which is the fear of open spaces. He took an apartment close to the university campus and refused to go more than six blocks from it. As soon as he crossed that six-block radius, he said, his fears gnawed at him.

In 1911 another prisoner joined Leonard in his self-imposed exile from the world. She was Charlotte Charlton, of Janesville, Wis., who came to the university as a student and remained to marry him.

The husband-and-wife love might be breaking his bonds. For a while he seemed much more adventuresome and enlarged the area of his prison by a block in each direction.

Before long, however, he was the same fear-ridden recluse, afraid of the people outside his own tiny universe, afraid of the vast distances that stretched to the globe's four corners, afraid that if he left his few familiar acres of streets and homes, he might never find his way back.

But neither ophophobia, nor agoraphobia interfered with Professor Leonard's achievements. He wrote an autobiography which he called "The Locomotive God," in which he analyzed his own psychoses so well that it was used as a textbook in many schools. He became the author of a score of books of verse, dramas

and adaptations from European plays. In summer he swam in near-by Lake Mendota, but he never ventured beyond that corner of it which lay within his own boundaries. In winter he skated only on the portion of the lake within the same territory.

He was a frequent visitor at the university gymnasium and could throw a baseball farther than most of his students.

The second Mrs. Leonard put up with it all for 20 years and then got a divorce. Her husband's phobias, she said, were merely "a series of brainstorms," during which he was "cross and made mean remarks."

A year later the professor was again sure he had found someone who could release him from his strange psychological prison. She was Grace Golden of Green Bay, Wis., a 27-year-old graduate student.

Leonard at that time was 59, and his long white hair, his flowing purple tie, his stately stride and remarkable physique made him a striking figure on the Wisconsin campus.

Grace made some progress in fighting the phobias. She actually persuaded her nervous spouse to take a trip downtown to see a movie. He came home a nervous wreck and vowed he'd had enough of the outside world. In two years Grace had had enough of the inside world. She divorced the afflicted professor in 1937.

Meanwhile, the second Mrs. Leonard had married a Madison householder who died in 1938. Professor Leonard appealed to her to come back and share his solitude. They were remarried in 1940, and she and the professor and the ophophobia and the agoraphobia lived happily together until he died.

Although the case of the walled-in poet was one of the most aggravated on record, fear of travel is not particularly rare. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, developed

a similar phobia while in Switzerland in the early 20's. Mrs. McCormick's friends and relatives had a hard time persuading her to make the trip back to her home in America. But she finally responded to their continued entreaties.

Although her 259-acre estate in near-by Lake Forest was kept in fine condition and opened to the public each year, she refused to visit it.



"Agoraphobia," or Fear of Travel, Kept the Professor Confined to His Home and Classroom. From the Drawing by Girod.

Charlotte had been a patient in a mental sanatorium. The fit of melancholy into which she sank, and the suicide, which ended her life after two years of marriage, were described by Professor Leonard in one of his many poems. This one, called "Two Lives," and published in 1925, told how he had broken into his wife's locked boudoir and found:

"... upon her toilet case
"An emptied glass with foam in
"awful rings,
"And a green bottle labeled with
"the red
"Letters that shrieked upon me
"She is dead."

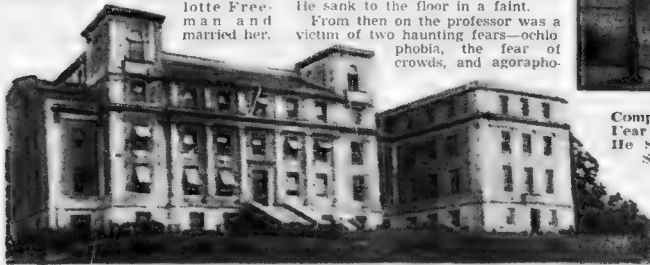
Many of his wife's friends blamed the professor for her suicide. They said he was irritable and irascible. He began to feel that people were shunning him. The mob, he felt, was hemming him in. And then, one day, he saw a calendar with the picture of a racing locomotive. It leaped at him from the wall, and he could feel its hot breath suffocating him. He sank to the floor in a faint.

From then on the professor was a victim of two haunting fears—ophophobia, the fear of crowds, and agorapho-



Complicating Matters Was His Fear of Crowds From Which He Sought Escape INTO HIS Strange Psychic Prison.

Wisconsin University, the Center of Professor Leonard's Tiny, Fear-packed World.



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Be a part of the fight. Give your blood here for the men over there. A moment of your time means a lifetime for them. So go to your nearest Blood Donor Center ... you are needed now!



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This richer, finer coffee brings you friendly stimulation and extra flavor!

• When one wartime task is done—and another is just around the corner—millions of people turn to flavor-rich Maxwell House for the friendly lift ... the extra refreshment that's in every fragrant cup of America's No. 1 preferred brand of coffee!

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From picking to packing, Maxwell House is fashioned to your taste by master craftsmen. Choice Latin-American coffees are expertly blended to bring together in one finer coffee the best qualities of each ... then "Radiant Roasted" evenly, through and through, to develop all the rich flavor and vigorous strength of every bean. And whether Maxwell House comes to you in a bag or a jar, you'll find it's the same fine blend that's always "Good to the Last Drop."

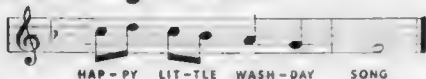


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Good to the Last Drop!

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**RIN-SO
WHITE**



Don Destin, age 9, attends St. Vincent Ferrer School in Brooklyn. He posed for the 3rd War Loan Poster. A swell skater and singer, Don also plays the piano.

Grimiest clothes come dazzling white
— from Rinso's soapy-rich suds



SAFEGUARD your washer by following oiling directions. And use New soapy-rich Rinso... the only soap recommended by the makers of 33 leading washers. It's all you need for heaps of lively, long-lasting suds even in hardest water. Grand for tub washing, too; soaks out dirt safely. Safe for washable colors.

AVOID SOAP WASTE



MY SOAPY-RICH SUDS MAKE DISHWASHING QUICKER, EASIER, I'M ECONOMICAL, TOO — AND SO KIND TO HANDS



Movie Ghosts

By JOHN U. STURDEVANT

MAKING a ghost behave was the kind of job confronting Lewis Allen, the London director, when he filmed Dorothy McArden's thriller, "The Uninvited." Really there were two ghosts, but since one made its presence known by a scent of mimosa, the audience would have to take it on faith. The other really had to do her stuff.

An actor wrapped in a bedsheet might be all right in a stage version of "Hamlet," but that wouldn't get by in the movies. So Allen had his work cut out for him, particularly since the story demanded a spirit from the other world "that was a crawling grey mist that slowly rises to the height of a tall woman."

This was a tough assignment for the special effects boys at Paramount and a headache to the director visiting Hollywood.

They tried gauze, then silk soaked in phosphorus, trick photography and steam, but all the resulting spooks weren't good enough. They had to have an apparition that would scare the day-lights out of the cat that lived in a haunted house along with Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey and Cornelia Otis Skinner. The three human actors could register fright all right, but the cat, of course, wouldn't give out with yowls and a tail like a bottle brush without plenty of reason.

Seventy makeshift spooks were whipped up, tried and rejected. Then Allen looked into the possibilities of car-

bon dioxide and perked up considerably. The next day he had a realistic ghost on the staircase.

The nebulous shape came from behind the wall, where his assistant had put a chunk of dry ice into a garbage can from which a pipe ran out flush with a step. A jet of steam was shot



onto this ice and thick vapor rose from the stairway.

Another expert took a bellows and did some rough carving with m a n-made wind. He was no Michelangelo, but he did hack out a shade recognizable as a woman. Then, working a still

larger bellows, he helped this spirit descend the staircase with a realistic gliding motion.

The trouble was that with every step, the spook lost an inch or two and at the bottom was quite dumpy. So Allen had holes bored in each tread, out of which came puffs of compressed air. That made the ghost keep her height admirably.

The real test came, however, when Whiskey, the foeline actor, was introduced to the misty spirit. He let go with everything he had.

This carbon dioxide that makes the bubbles in soft drinks will suffocate any one who breathes in too much of it so, after this white figure had floated through the parlor, led on by the bellows, the set had to be well aired.

The apparition stayed visible and mobile for ten minutes at a time. Then it got frayed around the edges and a new one literally had to be carved out of thin air.

Too Tough for Suicide

AFTER trying to kill himself by hanging, poison, and gas, Joe Kenyon, a 52-year-old British miner, has promised not to annoy the police of the little Lancashire village of St. Helens any further with his suicide attempts.

"There's no use," he recently told a police court magistrate. "I guess I'm just too tough to die."

From the record, it looks as if all that Joe says is true. A bachelor, he was depressed over the death of his mother and father, so he decided that the best thing was to end it all.

Hanging, he thought, would be the easiest way out. So, attaching a length of rope, looped around his neck, to a nail, he jumped off a chair. The nail came out and Joe wound up in a disgusted heap on the floor.

Next, he decided, he would try poison. He took a healthy swig from a bottle in the medicine cabinet. The stuff made him violently ill, but didn't kill him. Police found him rolling all over the floor.

Third time lucky, thought Joe. Turning on all the gas jets, after plugging up the doors and windows, he went to bed. The police, called by the neighbors, broke down the door and found the unkillable Joe staggering around the gas-filled room.

After listening to his story, the judge, who had it in his power to send the miner off to jail under British suicide laws, decided to put him on probation for a year if he agreed to make no more attempts to do away with himself.

"I promise, judge," Joe told the court. "Anyhow, I don't think I could if I tried."

MILLIONS KNOW HOW TO BEAT THE HEAT

To take burn out of sunburn, to give your heat irritated skin a cooling treat, do as millions do from coast to coast. Use Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder, with a special base that helps absorb moisture, often the cause of heat rash. Sprinkle Mexsana also on tender skin to guard against chafe caused by the rubbing of clothing, collars and girdles. It contains ingredients often used by specialists to relieve these discomforts. Costs little, available in larger sizes. Help your whole family beat the heat with Mexsana.

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Light colored fabrics spot easily. But many spots can be removed as easily at home with Mufti. Handy for quick use on many kinds of clothing, uniforms, upholstery, drapes and other articles made of many materials. A favorite for over 25 years.

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WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

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protect every minor cut with

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Helps Heal For, Away



Don't let some trifling injury spoil your holiday. Remember! Every cut or scratch, no matter how small, can become painfully and dangerously infected. Treat even the smallest skin breaks with Curity.

Have This in Your Tackle Box



Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE in with your gear means instant SULFA-thia-zole protection... in mere seconds you can bandage any small cut, blister or abrasion properly. Don't forget Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE when you're planning a fishing trip... and get an extra box or two for home.

Buy MORE War Bonds

Ask for Curity
HANDI-TAPE
Adhesive Bandage

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**NEVER SCRATCH
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Do this for Quick Relief
Would you like to see that fiery redness subside quickly and the scaly skin become soft and smooth? Get a 35c tin of the new Sayman Salve and apply this medicated ointment to the affected areas. Let it help ease tormenting itch and soreness. All druggists have Sayman Salve.

SAYMAN SALVE

Human Clocks



Inca Runners Had Such a Remarkable Sense of Time and Pace That They Traveled on Precise Schedules, Like Crack Trains.

SELLING watches or alarm clocks to the Quichua Indians of Ecuador and Peru is about as easy as palming off refrigerators on Eskimos.

If there is one thing that these South American natives do not need, it is timepieces. That's because the Quichuas, believe it or not, can tell the exact moment—day or night—with their minds. Just how they do it has scientists stumped. It is not a case of checking with the sun. The clock-minded Indians can call their shots at midnight.

In Ecuador and Peru, all of the highland labor is done by the Quichuas. Not one of these descendants of the Incas owns a clock, yet they all report for work promptly at 7 in the morning, quit at 12 sharp, return to their jobs in the fields at 2, and stop on the stroke of 4 in the afternoon.

How do they do it? Scientists have often tried to

find out. From the Indians, themselves, they can learn nothing.

Some experts believe the Quichuas got their odd ability directly from their ancestors, the mighty Incas. Back in the days of these proud people everything, and that included working hours, religious worship, or the marching of the army, was carried out on an exact schedule.

Relays of runners, who used to carry messages between Quito, in what is now Ecuador, to Cuzco, in Peru, covered their routes with perfect precision. According to historical records, they made the run in five days to the exact hour and minute.

This strange ability was the result of long and arduous training. The Incas mastered the trick so well that some scientists are inclined to believe that their Quichua descendants inherited their precise minds.

To Women in Particular

LADIES, we are curious. We want to know how to serve you best. To do so, we would like to know, in 200 words, how you like our new pages devoted to household problems, food, beauty and fashions.

In recent months, Florence Brobeck, our Women's Editor, has added to the Household Almanac other departments which we hope are being of service to you. She is endeavoring to anticipate your wartime living problems and help you solve them.

Will you please study these pages and then write us a 200-word letter telling us what your reactions are? If you will, it will aid us greatly in molding our home service pages even more adequately to suit your particular needs.

Address your letters to Florence Brobeck, Women's Editor, The American Weekly, 233 E. 43th Street, New York 17, New York.



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FOR AN ENERGY LIFT
THAT MAKES LIPS SMACK
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
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PUT THE BITE ON IT! As interesting as a 24-hour pass! Chocolate coated... with a thrilling filling that's smooth, sweet and satisfying... and a layer of chewy caramel, too! Sets a new par for a good candy bar. Try "Hi-Mac" today.



Bite view of
a "Hi-Mac"



WELL, WELL, IT'S SHOTWELL

"Hi-Mac" is made by makers of famous Puritan Marshmallows—Shotwell Manufacturing Company. For years Puritan has stood for top quality in marshmallows. Today "Hi-Mac" stands for top quality in a chocolate coated candy bar.

**YOU TOO CAN HAVE
MORE ATTRACTIVE HAIR**

Thousands use this easy, economical way to richer-looking, more lustrous hair. First massage scalp with mildly medicated Cuticura Ointment to stimulate circulation and loosen dandruff. Later shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Try it! Send today for FREE Ointment Sample to Cuticura, Dept. A-43, Malden, Mass.

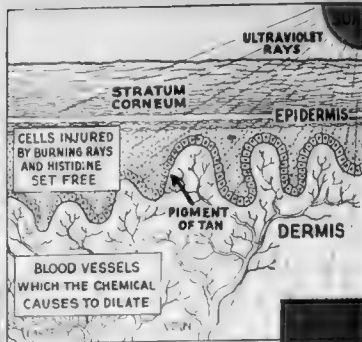


At the Beach
Try to Get
Your Tan in
Small Doses.



CAREFUL WITH YOUR SUNBATH

**You May Lose a Lot of Time,
Health and Comfort If You Don't
Know the Truth About Solar Rays,
Especially If You're a Blonde**



Unless Slow Exposure Has Thickened the Outer Skin, Rays Break Down Cells Above Your Tan, Release Histidine, and In Turn, the Surface Blisters and Burns.



Remember—You'll Burn Just as Easily on Cloudy Days, and a Big Hat Won't Protect You From Dangerous Radiations Reflected From Water and Sand.

must be guarded from undue exposure to the sun rays. There is evidence that eating a well-balanced diet, with all the food essentials nutritionists have been stressing in recent years, may make a person less likely to a severe burn, and shorten the conditioning period.

One thing to remember is that no one can tell merely by looking up at the sky whether the day's sunlight contains many burning radiations or not. Sometimes, on a seemingly bright day, an invisible blanket of ozone high in the air shuts out most of the harmful rays.

Again a hazy, foggy day may mean much sunburn risk. This is because molecules of water in the air, instead of absorbing ultraviolet rays, merely scatter them. This means that instead of coming more or less straight down, the burn-causing sunbeams come from all directions, reflected by moisture.

It is such scattered, reflected sunlight that creates the severe sunburn experienced on white sands, from snow, ice or water. Reflected ultraviolet is the cause of severe burns when sailing and fishing, even though a big hat or awning keeps the sun from making a direct hit.

Especially is this likely to be true of the bronze developed cautiously in early spring. These facts were pointed out recently by Dr. Harold F. Blum, of Bethesda, Md., in a discussion of how sunburn may affect men in the armed forces; those in the Arctic, the tropical jungles and on the desert.

A bad case of over-exposure to sunshine, making it impossible for the victim to work, means fewer bombs, guns and planes turned out, or other necessary jobs done.

When one realizes that the suntan so many people covet and cultivate is buried deep in the skin layers, underneath the cells that first are injured by sunburn rays, it becomes evident that expecting this coat of pigment to act as a real protection is like putting up an awning in the cellar to keep the back porch cool.

The first effect of that sunburn that

causes so much pain, and may be really serious, starts in a layer of the epidermis near the surface. Here the penetrating ultraviolet rays break down sensitive cells, releasing a substance called histidine. This is converted into another chemical which reaches the minute blood vessels in the dermis, or true skin, and causes them to dilate. In a few hours, all exposed parts of the body turn an angry red. This means that the harm has been done, and only soothing lotions, or treatment will be effective.

But, while the cells were being destroyed and the chemical released, another change was taking place. The horny outer skin—called the stratum corneum—composed only of dead cells, was being thickened. It started turning into an effective, semi-opaque screen to absorb future harmful ultraviolet wavelengths—which are those between 2500 and 3200 angstrom units—and keep them away from remaining sun-sensitive cells.

This skin screen, skin permits pigment-forming rays to get through.

So, when the vacationist wisely takes her first few days in the sun in small doses, and preferably before ten or after two o'clock when the hazards are less, she really is courting a small bit of damage. She wants to develop a slight pink each day which will help build protective stratum corneum.

Until this is accomplished, any long-time exposure should be accompanied by a generous application of some lotion that will afford the screening effect the skin has not had time to build up.

In spite of these warnings, medical experts agree that getting plenty of sunlight is of great importance.

First is the valuable role sunshine plays in building up vitamin D in the body by turning the skin chemical, ergosterol, into the protective and bone-building vitamin. Sunshine also spurs action of the body's bacteria-combating cells, to increase the tone of the muscles and the output of the glands.

**It's Not the Rays
of the Color
Spectrum, But the
Invisible Ultra-
violet Wave-
Lengths Between
2500 and 3200
Angstroms That
Burn—So Beware!**



By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG
SUN-WORSHIPPERS who go out for their annual two or three weeks at the beach, in the mountains, or just down on the farm this summer, can save themselves much dangerous discomfort, and their country nearly a million working days, if they adopt a few well-founded precautions and forget the old fallacy that a good coat of tan always protects against sunburn.

Nature unquestionably builds up an immunity to harmful burns from Old Sol, if given plenty of time to do it. But, contrary to what many persons believe, science now finds that she accomplishes this mainly by thickening the outermost layer of skin—not by adding color.

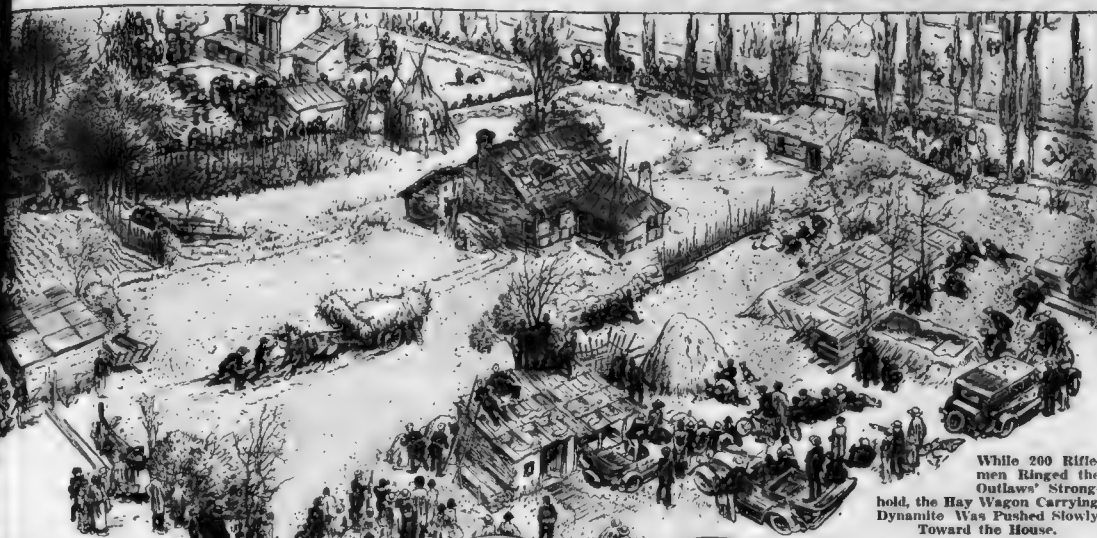
Some wave-lengths of the ultraviolet rays in sunshine may tan you anything from a coffee color to a golden brown, yet contribute little in the way of burn insurance.

This, according to the recent findings of science, applies equally to the golden bronze girl who gets her tan early in April or May, and the pale factory or office worker who picks it up as she can on week ends.

All this, however, doesn't alter the fact that blondes burn more easily than brunettes. Their increased susceptibility is due to the texture of skins, not complexion color.

Doctors warn that persons who suffer from high blood pressure should take sunbathing cautiously. A man or woman with an overactive thyroid or nervous disorder will burn more easily than his healthier brothers and sisters. Persons between 30 and 50 need the most protection against the sun; youngsters and oldsters, the least. That is, except for babies, whose delicate skin

Crimes of the Anarchist Bandits



While 200 Riflemen Ringed the Outlaws' Stronghold, the Hay Wagon Carrying Dynamite Was Pushed Slowly Toward the House.

THE history of Paris — old Paris, when its heart was young and gay — is as fraught with spectacular crime as it is with fashions, love and international intrigue. Montmartre and other dark corners of the Latin Quarter spawned a devilish breed of robbers and cutthroats, but probably none so ruthless as the anarchist bandits who terrorized the Paris of the century's first decade.

They were among the first to exploit the automobile as a valuable auxiliary to a career of crime and from the day in 1906 when they first grabbed a bank messenger's bag with 80,000 francs they were stamped as the Motor Bandits. For six years, raiding, robbing and murdering, they were known as such — until France's famous Surete dynamited some of them to death.

Curiously, the bandits were organized in the haunts of a millionaire. He was Fromentin, who turned his money to financing anarchy through the seditious publication, *L'Idée Libre*. He was against all legal processes and his disciples returned to the rule of the gun instead of the law.

Some 30 persons — women and men — comprised the gang, which was led by Raymond Callemin, called La Science because he had studied at a technical school.

The band first made its appearance in the Rue Ordener, one of the busiest streets of Paris. Four men lolled in an automobile, one at the wheel, the other three in the back seat, as Gaby, the messenger, walked along with his satchel filled with francs.

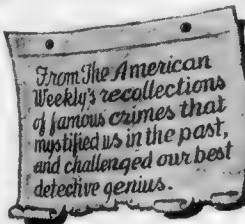
Near the entrance to the Credit Foncier, two of the men left the car and sauntered toward Gaby. Arm's length away they showed pistols and demanded the moneybag. Gaby ran. One bandit fired. Gaby fell. The sidewalks were crowded, for this was a bright morning. People surged forward but one bandit drew a gun and held them away. The other cut the satchel from the chain that held it to the fallen Gaby's wrist.

Another man emerged from the car with a revolver to cover the retreat of his companions and soon all four were whirling away, firing.

The getaway was perfect. The bandits didn't leave a trace.

After investigation in the underworld, the Surete picked up the trail of one Ducret, a Swiss who once had been a political follower of Fromentin — but not in crime.

Ducret gave valuable information. He named La Science as the brains in



Pierre Garnier (Left) and Jules Bonnot, Ringleaders of the Paris "Motor Gang" of Bank Robbers.

the holdup; Jules Bonnot as the driver; Pierre Garnier as the man who shot Gaby, and one Dieudonne.

The police then knew whom they were looking for but they didn't know where to look. While the search was on, a man was found dying in a road leading to the suburb of Bezons.

"Bonnot shot me," he gasped an instant before he died.

That same day the car used in the bank messenger holdup was found wrecked. Soon afterward a Paris garage was raided, the attendant was shot and killed and a racing car stolen by six armed, masked bandits.

A gendarme spotted the car speeding down the Rue du Havre, in the center of Paris. It stopped to avoid a collision with a bus and the policeman, jumped on the running board. Four guns spat bullets from the back seat and the gendarme toppled off, mortally wounded. The killers' car sped away.

After a lull in the depredations, a chauffeur and a mechanic were driving a new racing car one day to its owner at Compiègne. On the outskirts of Paris

they approached a hut where two men were working with surveyors' instruments. Suddenly the workmen dropped the implements and flagged the car. It stopped as four gunmen ran from the hut, firing. The chauffeur and mechanic fell dead.

The bandits sped away in the car. News of its theft and the double murder had scarcely got to Paris when the racer roared to a stop in front of the Societe General, the biggest banking house in France, at Chantilly.

Five or six men piled out and into the bank, shooting as they went. Clerks and tellers were mowed down without warning. Bank officers were shot before reaching their guns.

The gangsters scooped up more than 80,000 francs and dashed for

their getaway car. As they scrambled inside they were covered by a red-headed killer who fired into a gathering crowd. They rolled away, leaving six men dead and eight wounded.

Then the Surete began getting some definite breaks.

A raid on an anarchists' den yielded three men and two women. From them they got information that led to the arrest of Souday, a carpenter, as the redheaded gunman of Chantilly. They got Dieudonne and La Science. But Bonnot and Garnier were free.

In the search, M. Jouin, deputy chief of the Surete, followed a trail to a house at Petit Ivry. Unarmed, he went up rickety stairs to a dimly-lit room on the second floor. As he reached the landing the gloom was cut by a powder flash. A sergeant ran to Jouin's rescue, but a bullet toppled him over the banister dead. Another shot finished Jouin.

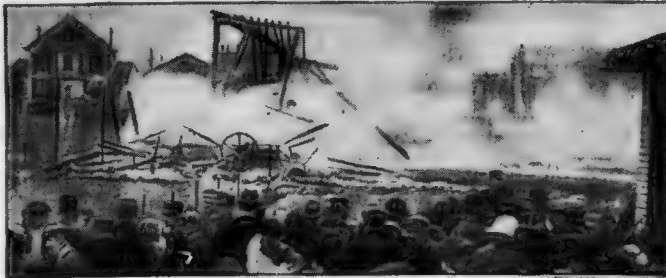
Police traced Bonnot to a nearby brick dwelling called Nid Rouge (Red Nest). Bonnot was trapped inside with a Russian named Dubois. Even 200 riflemen couldn't dislodge them. So M. Lepine, Prefect of Police, got a farm wagon and loaded it with hay. Mattresses were hung over the bales to shield two men and the cart was backed toward the house.

Shot after shot was fired by the bandits. But the wagon got safely next to the house. Dynamite was planted in a crevice, a fuse attached and the wagon withdrew hurriedly.

In five minutes Bonnot and Dubois were blown to eternity.

Garnier was disposed of at Nogent-sur-Marne, where he tried to fight it out in a house. A blast of melinite sent him to join Bonnot.

The others went to the guillotine.



Garnier, Last Member of the Mob, Also Had to Be Blasted From His Hideaway. Here, Villagers at Nogent-Sur-Marne View the Remains.



Quemner
Keller

"He likes a bowl of Wheaties every day at four."



MODELS THAT FLY!

Hurry! Get free easy-to-build cut-out models of hard hitting British Spitfire-V and deadly German FW-190. Full-color models that actually fly. Will glide and soar up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Rush name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 822, Minneapolis, Minn. Send no money—your planes are free. Send at once! Offer expires August 1, 1944.

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WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS



A Modern Marvel?



When the Statue Was Set Down On the Village Street, the Creeping Mass of Lava Stopped—and the Town Was Saved.

WHEN Mount Vesuvius recently erupted and sent a 60-foot wall of molten lava flowing down the mountainside, the little village of San Sebastiano—directly in the path of the fiery mass—seemed doomed.

Hastily packing what household goods they could into carts, the Italian inhabitants fled for their lives. Nothing, it seemed, could stop the slow-moving river of destruction from engulfing the town.

Before fleeing, however, the citizens decided to send over to near-by San Giorgio for the famous "miracle statue" of St. George—a figure that reputedly saved that community when it was in the path of the 1872 catastrophe.

By the time the statue had been hurriedly brought to San Sebastiano the liquid

rock was only a few hundred yards from the edge of the village. Singing hymns and chanting prayers, the inhabitants placed the figure of St. George in the middle of the main street. Then they fled.

The searing flood inched its way into the town. Houses were toppled and then swallowed up by the black avalanche. It seemed certain that the miracle of San Giorgio would not be repeated in San Sebastiano. The avalanche crept through the streets, edged right up to the base of the statue—and stopped.

James Cooper, an English newspaperman who witnessed the "miracle of San Sebastiano," reported that the Italians, frenzied with joy, poured back into their village when word went out that the flow had halted. Many fell on their knees around the statue and prayed.

33 Feet of Pedigree

THE undisputed pedigree champ of all time probably was William Turrough O'Brien, who recently died in Great Britain at the age of 79. He was able to trace his relatives for 3,000 years.

The son of the 13th Baron Inchiquin, O'Brien could name every ancestor of his since the days when Connaught ruled over Ireland some 30 years beginning in 1247 B. C. A parchment roll—33 feet long—records the facts on his entire line.

Next Week

BOILED INTO OIL

In 20 Minutes

In science's newest triumph, chemical wizardry transforms ordinary plane into oil and may make the now useless tropical jungles prize source of post war fuel and power. Read "770,000,000 Years Boiled Down to 20 Minutes for Oil" in the...

July 2nd Issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

VERD-A-RAY LIGHT IS AID TO SIGHT

Even Hardened Criminals Can't Stand GLARE



WHY EXPOSE YOUR FAMILY TO NEEDLESS DISCOMFORT

ON SALE AT NEARLY ALL STORES

VERD-A-RAY

REPLACES ORDINARY LAMP BULBS NEARLY ALL SIZES AND SHAPES

Scientists, after investigation, have produced evidence that Verd-A-Ray relieves eyestrain, sharpens perception and reduces glare.

You know that glaring spot lights will break the resistance of hardened criminals to law enforcement questioning.

Do not expose the eyes of your loved ones to unnecessary glare. Give them the relatively soft, cool appearing light of Verd-A-Ray.

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For all household tasks get added eye comfort. This modern lighting improvement is available - for you - NOW.

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VERD-A-RAY LIGHT IS AID TO SIGHT



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Choice of two textures—safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

WHICH IODENT DO YOU CHOOSE?



-the girl he can't forget



-the girl with a Solitaire- lovely complexion



Across the continent... across the oceans... through the weeks and months—be the girl he can't forget, the girl unforgettably lovely with a Solitaire complexion. Let him remember:

DANCING TILL THREE—your skin as creamy smooth as the gardenia in your hair. Thanks to Solitaire—your make-up stays smooth for HOURS. Tiny lozes and blenders are YOUR secret.

PICNICKING—your complexion as enchanting as the day itself. Thanks to Solitaire—your make-up looks fresh and NATURAL in the sun. Solitaire's LANOLIN—resilient guards your skin against dryness.

CAKE MAKE-UP with LANOLIN—60¢ and 25¢

IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES • AT ALL TOILETRY COUNTERS



To clear my head in the morning!

"First thing in the morning—I always smoke a Spud. Its mild menthol tonic seems to clear my head and throat, wake up my taste and freshen me up like magic for the day."



I like cooler menthol
SPUD
Cigarettes

Especially in summer there are times when Spuds' mild, cooler menthol multiplies smoking pleasure in a way no other cigarette can do. For Spuds bring you *smoother menthol*, from a patented even-blending process—no overdoses, no sting or bite. Try Spuds, cork-tip or plain, and see!



THE
AXTON-FISHER
TOBACCO CO., INC.,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

For a cooler smoke

ON A HOT DAY—



"When it's hot I've found that other cigarettes often taste harsh or flat. So—whether I'm sweltering in town or beating the heat at the beach—I rely on Spuds' mild menthol to keep my taste cool and fresh."

Whenever my
THROAT IS DRY—



"When my throat is rough or dry, when I get a touch of smoker's cough or when I feel hay fever setting in, Spuds' cooling menthol feels soothing and refreshing—brings back real smoking pleasure."

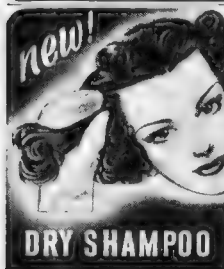


D'ye see what I mean?

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This Mark is an easy thing to look for, and mighty important to you . . . the symbol of over 50 years of General Electric lamp research, whose constant aim is to make G-E lamps

Stay Brighter Longer



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- Minipoo cleans hair of dirt, oil, odors... in 10 minutes
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- No soap... No rinsing... No drying



Easy now to AVOID Mosquito Bites

Want to keep mosquitoes from biting you? Just rub a few drops of pleasant-smelling JITTER BUG on ankles, legs, wrists, face, neck and forehead and you can sit out on the porch, go fishing, camping or picnicking without worrying about mosquitoes. Fine, too, to wear away chiggers or red bugs, sand fleas, and flies. Costs only 25¢—gives real protection. At drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores. Ask for Jitter Bug by name—get what you want.

JITTER BUG

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MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so something! Just use two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE
For Your Eyes
SOOTHES • REFRESHES

NEVER TOO MUCH!

No army can have too much fighting equipment—many a battle has been lost with too little. Washington's men knew it at Valley Forge. Wainwright's did at Bataan. It's up to us to see that this doesn't happen again!

Our money arms our men—gives them the weights of weapons and equipment necessary to win, and to save lives, too. The Fifth War Loan is another chance to get in the fight. It's our patriotic duty to buy War Bonds—to buy them heavily, and now!

This support of the 5th War Loan Drive is contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and M&O.

Donate your blood to the Red Cross

Summer Eye Care

Correct Eye Make-up and Caution Against Summer Glare and Burning Insure Lovely Eyes Night and Day.



By URSULA TROW

WHAT can you do with only one pair of eyes to serve you through all the years of your life, summer and winter, daytime and evening? Take care of them.

Especially in summer, eye-care is important, not only for vision but for the outward appearance of the eyes, for it is during the hot, dry, sunny months that squint-lines are most likely to develop, along with reddened lids and a generally parched, strained look.

Summer Glare

ONE of the first rules for eye protection is to wear dark glasses when you are long under the penetrating ultraviolet rays of the sun. And the glasses should be a prescription from an oculist, not just a pair picked up on a shop counter.

Another precaution that will pay high dividends in eye beauty is to smooth eye cream on your lids and on the sensitive skin around your eyes before you start out for a day on the beach.

When you've finished your outdoor stint, go home and bathe your eyes with a light solution of boric acid, or a carefully chosen commercial eyewash, one recommended by your doctor. Then lie down for a few minutes with soothing pads on your eyes. The pads are nothing more than cotton dampened either with witch hazel or your favorite toning lotion or astringent. A few minutes of this and your eyes will be ready and willing for the more glamorous side of your life.

Eye Framing

EVEN the loveliest eyes need some eye make-up for dramatization.



Maybelline Photo.

Correct eye make-up begins with eye shadow, which should be just what it's called—a faint, illusory film that is never obvious in itself, but that serves as background to bring out the beauty of the eyes.

The Feather Touch

EYE SHADOW should be applied to the center of the lids near the lash-line, then fade upward and outward to the brows. For eyes that are set too closely together, shadow should be used a bit more heavily at the inner corners. Eyes inclined to be prominent will profit if the shadow is concentrated on the center of the lids. While for eyes too widely spaced, the heaviest shading should be on the outer side.

The second step in correct eye make-up is the use of an eyebrow pencil. This should be applied with featherlight strokes to the hairs of the brows, never to the skin itself. Only if the brows are extremely sparse or fail to extend the ideal quarter-inch beyond the outer corners of the eyes, should the pencil be touched to the skin. But lightly to give the appearance of utter naturalness.

Mascara

THE final step is the application of mascara. This is applied with a not-too-wet brush (or a tiny feather!) beginning at the base of the lashes and swooping outward to their tips. To avoid a beady look, take a clean brush (or the other side of the feather!) and go over the lashes to separate them before they have had a chance to dry.

For even longer, lusher-looking lashes, apply a second coat of mascara after the first coat has thoroughly dried. And, for a beguiling upward curl, sweep the brush upward and outward against the tips of your lashes as they dry.

SEEMS FUNNY TO SEE YOU AT WORK BRIGHT AND EARLY EVERY MORNING YOU CERTAINLY HAVE CHANGED!

CHANGED IS RIGHT! ORDINARY CONSTIPATION HASN'T LAID ME UP A SINGLE DAY SINCE I STARTED TAKING NUJOL!

NUJOL

EFFECTIVE... GENTLE... REGULAR AS CLOCKWORK

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IT'S YOUR DUTY TO KEEP FIT AND TO KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

Mary's cranky, sad and blue Her corn just throbs the whole day through

While Alice smiles all through the day She lost her corn the Blue-Jay way

SAY GOODBYE TO THAT CORN!

At the very first twinge from a painful corn—put on a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster. See how the soft, felt pad instantly relieves pressure pain. Then, while you walk, the Blue-Jay medication gently softens, loosens the corn so it can be removed—with the hard core. Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today!

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New Homemaking Books

IN "The New Washday," just published, Eleanor Ahern has taken the groans out of the family wash of today. She gives the ABC's in clear, understandable directions. The big basket of family clothes, and the small pile of personal laundry can be done with ease—it's a matter of knowing how to organize the work, and what to do with the many different fabrics used in today's apparel and household linens. She gives special directions on every problem which are easily followed. It is an excellent book for the new house-

keeper and should not be overlooked by the not-so-new housekeeper. (M. Barrows and Co., Inc., N. Y. \$1.50)

"10,000 Garden Questions Answered by 15 Experts" is a thick volume designed for the man or woman with a small garden or a large one. Experts list and answer the questions on every subject which confronts every gardener; a clever index makes it all very simple. Edited by F. F. Rockwell. (The American Garden Guild Inc., and Doubleday Doran and Co., Inc. \$3.95).—E.M.



When is a man's life insurance "All Set"?

"MY BIRTHDAY has never meant much more than any other day to me. But this year, after the 'surprise' party my wife and the children always have for me, I found myself... well, 'taking stock,' I guess you'd call it.

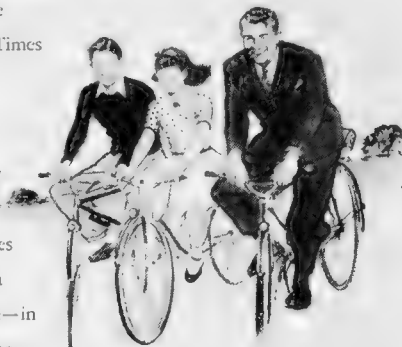
"Looking back, I felt life had been pretty good to us; but I was a little surprised to realize how many times our circumstances had changed since Helen and I were married.

"I remember when we decided to buy this house. We were on top of the world. Then the year during the depression when we barely made ends meet; and the winter Helen's father died and we had to add her mother to our family of four. I couldn't help wondering what Helen would have done had anything happened to me.

Looking ahead, I tried to picture my family if this should turn out to be my last birthday. George is just starting high school; Joan is in the sixth grade. We're still paying off the mortgage. Without knowing a business or trade, how would Helen prepare herself to get along without my support and still hold her home together?

"Suddenly it struck me that I hadn't taken a good look at my life insurance for some time. I had considered it 'all set.' But was it? My responsibilities have grown. Times have changed. I decided to find out."

IT'S IMPORTANT to review life insurance regularly—even in the most stable of times. But never has the need been more urgent than it is now. For not only must life insurance be kept current with the changes that normally arise in every family; but today it must also be planned to fit the circumstances imposed upon you by a changing world. When you review your life insurance with a John Hancock agent, you get the benefit of his company's 80 years of experience—in peace and war, prosperity and depression—fitting life insurance to the needs of people in all income groups.

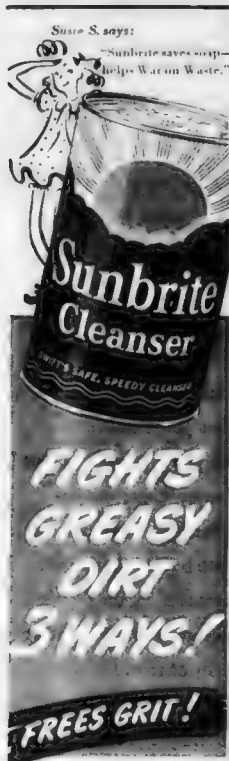


This experience covers the protection of the home and family; the education of children; safeguarding of War Bonds and other investments; retirement; in fact, every circumstance to which life insurance is applied. Why not make sure your life insurance meets your current needs by getting the trained counsel of a John Hancock agent?



John Hancock
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OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

Susan S. says:
"Sunbrite saves soap—
helps War on Waste."



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Cleanser**
WHITE SOAP. SPEEDY CLEANSER

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GREASY
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3 WAYS!**

FREE'S GRIT!

Sunbrite's fine-grained abrasive grime knocks the sox off grit and grime 'round the house without damaging surfaces. Puts new sparkle in your pots and pans—fast!

CUTS GREASE!

Sunbrite's gentle chemicals cut grease easily, without stinging your hands or wearing out your precious aluminum pans.

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Sunbrite's special soap base combines with Sunbrite's chemicals to float out grit, grease and germs jiffy-quick.

**SWITCH TO SWIFT'S
SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER**

Save Fingers
with
Steel-Grip Finger Guards

Hundreds of factories are making them and shipping in new quantities for protecting workers with steel for a finger guards. Used for handling rough or sharp articles for bending, twisting, stretching, twisting, bending, pulling, pushing and holding. They are made of steel, brass, or rubber. Made of it is the rubber with elastic band for using with comfort and ease. Send for samples. Send for samples or trial order book for \$1.00. Each book \$1.00.

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HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

By FLORENCE WROBECK
Women's Editor

MAYBE we won't be delayed with big, red juicy strawberries this summer. Government food authorities warned months ago that the crop was small, workers were scarce and a large amount of the harvest would never reach the market because it was already promised to Uncle Sam. Jam and marmalades are on the soldiers' menus because these sugar-heavy foods are energy makers.

But we can make a small box of strawberries go a long way in the traditional shortcake, or with custard, or in a pie, or plain—so with top milk and sugar. Whipped sour cream is the favorite topping of some for a dish of big red ripe sugared berries.

And here are two new recipes using only one cup of berries in each. Tried on one hungry family they met with such complete approval that they are being repeated is often as a basket of berries is found at the market.

Strawberry Jell

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 1 cup strawberries

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Let it chill until it begins to thicken. Then beat it with a wheel egg beater until it is light and fluffy. Add the washed and crushed berries. Mix and pile in dessert glasses. Let those chill until set. Serve plain or with top milk or cream. Eight good servings.

Strawberry Finger Cakes

- 1 cup strawberries
- ½ cup fortified margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk

Uncooked frosting. Cream the shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add the vanilla to this mixture. Beat the egg yolks till thick and lemon-colored and add to the first mixture. Beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients three times. Add the flour and milk alternately to the egg and sugar mixture, about one-third of each at one time.

Beat the egg whites till stiff, but stop beating before they look varnished and dry. Then fold into the cake batter.

Divide the batter between two square nine-inch layer pans, which have been greased and lined with wax paper; the paper should also be lightly greased. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 25 minutes. Let cool.

Slice the washed berries quite thin. (Save every drop of juice for the icing.) Cover one layer of cake with the berries and spread

**Summer's
Best Berries**
in
delicious
pies
and cakes



**What Is Better Than a Berry Pie?
Strawberry Cakes Are Mighty
Good, Too.**

them with uncooked frosting. Set the second layer on this. When the frosting is set, cut the cake into 12 strips, (about one inch wide by two and one-half inches long). Frost the top of each and decorate with a whole berry.

Uncooked Frosting

- 4 tablespoons strawberry juice
- 1½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar, or enough to make the consistency to spread. Flavor with a few drops of lemon juice.

Double the recipe if you want thickly covered cakes.

Deep Dish Blueberry Pie

THIS pie is scrumptiously good alone as a dessert. On a certain New Hampshire farm where it is served often every summer during berry season, it is sometimes topped

with homemade vanilla ice cream. "It's terrific!" the seventeen-year-old son of the household says. And everyone else who has enjoyed the hospitality of that good table agrees.

Here are the recipes for the pastry, and the filling below:

Pastry:

- 1½ cups cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon fortified margarine
- ½ cup milk

Filling:

- 1 quart blueberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 teaspoons flour
- ½ cup water
- 1 lemon, juice only
- 4 tablespoons fortified margarine

Sift together three times the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in the fat. Add milk sufficient to make a tender, soft, but not sticky, dough. Roll it to one-eighth inch thickness. Cut six or eight two-inch strips from the edges of this pastry. Use two or three of these to line the inside wall of a deep, greased pie dish. Press in

place with edge upstanding. Mix the blueberries, flour and sugar and cover the bottom of the dish with a thick layer. Dot with margarine. Criss-cross two strips of the pastry dough on top of the berries. Cover with the remaining fruit. Pour over the top the water mixed with the lemon juice.

Cut the remaining piece of rich biscuit dough to fit the pie dish. Cut a decoration into the top to allow the steam to escape. Fit the top in place. Crimp the pastry edge to the pastry lining, or press together with the tines of a fork.

Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) about forty-five minutes.

Raspberry Crumb Pie

- 2 cups quick oats
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon ground allspice
- ½ cup fortified margarine
- 1 tablespoon boiling water
- 1½ to 2 cups raspberries
- 8-oz. glass tart currant jelly

Mix together the oats, sugar, salt and spice. Add the margarine and stir well. Sprinkle the tablespoon of boiling water over the mixture and mix. Press this mixture into a nine-inch greased pie plate. Finish the edge of the pastry by shaping into scallops with finger and thumb. Bake it in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) twenty minutes. Let it cool.

When it is cool fill the pastry shell with fresh raspberries which have been washed and drained. Scatter the currant jelly in the upper part of a double boiler over hot water. Pour it over the fruit. Let the pie stand till the jelly is cool and set. Four to six servings.

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COOK WITH CRISCO! No other shortening does so much to make wartime meals **EXCITING and DIGESTIBLE!**

Can you fix thrifty cuts of lamb so they'll be *exciting* to eat? Easy to digest? It's no trick at all when you cook with Crisco.

It's *True!* Crisco does *more* for your cooking than any other shortening. For Crisco has a special cooking secret. It gives you *lighter*, more tender cakes. A sure way to get flaky, tender pie crust *every time!* And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so digestible children may eat 'em!

Begin Today! Make a *flaky* Crisco biscuit topping for that Barbecue Pie! Fry those Lamb and Rice Balls in Crisco and you'll *know* they're digestible! Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for *pure, all-vegetable Crisco* and be *sure!*

BARBECUE LAMB PIE

1½ to 2 lbs. stew lamb, cut in pieces	1 tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce
2 tbsps. Crisco	3 tbsps. chopped onion
½ cup catsup	1 tsp. salt
½ cup vinegar	1 cup tomato juice
	1½ cups water

Roll lamb in seasoned flour. Brown thoroughly in skillet in hot digestible Crisco. Combine other ingredients. Pour over lamb. Cover and simmer till tender—about an hour. Add a little hot water if gravy is too thick. Pour into shallow baking dish and top with—

CRISCO DROP BISCUIT: Sift 1½ cups flour with 3 tbsps. baking powder and ½ tsp. salt. Cut in 3 tbsps. Crisco. (No other shortening beats Crisco! Just see what mouth-melting, easy-digesting biscuit it gives you.) Stir in ¾ cup milk to make a soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls over meat. Bake in hot oven (415°F.) 20-25 min. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

GOLDEN SHEPHERD'S PIE

1 lb. raw ground lamb	1 tsp. salt
2 tbsps. Crisco	½ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. chopped onion	2 cups cooked carrots
2 tbsps. chopped green pepper	2 cups cooked potatoes

Lightly fry lamb, onion and pepper in hot Crisco. (Be sure to use Crisco for *all* your frying. Foods fried in pure, all-vegetable Crisco are so digestible even youngsters may eat 'em!) Add salt and pepper. Turn into 9-inch pie plate. Mash carrots and potatoes together. Season to taste. Spread over meat. Dot liberally with Crisco. Brown in hot oven (400°F.) about 20 min. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.



LAMB AND RICE BALLS

½ lb. raw ground lamb
¼ cup uncooked rice
1 tsp. poultry seasoning
Salt, pepper
2 tbsps. Crisco
1 cup tomatoes, pulp and juice
2 cups boiling water

Mix lamb, rice and seasonings. Shape into 8 small balls. Brown quickly in hot Crisco. (It's a joy to fry with Crisco! There's no heavy smoke or smell—no "frying-pan" taste. And Crisco-fried foods are digestible—doctors tell you that!) Add tomatoes and water to frying pan. Cover tightly; cook slowly 50 min. Remove meat balls; thicken gravy with flour. All Measurements Level. Serves 4.



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9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

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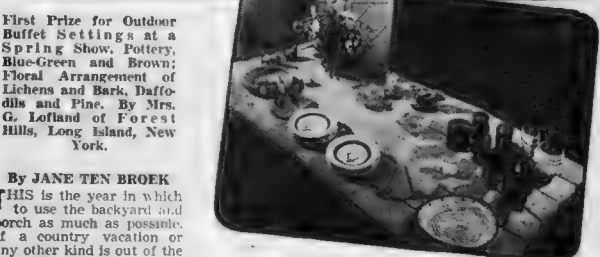
Amazing New Sulfadene Eliminates Canine Skin Infection Lays a Puzzle to Science

IF YOUR dog scratches, he probably has a skin problem. It may be caused by fleas, mange, or dandruff. But if he keeps scratching, it's probably a skin infection. Sulfadene is the only medicine that cures it. It's a powerful antibiotic that kills the bacteria that cause skin infections. It's safe for your dog and it's easy to use. Just mix Sulfadene with his food. He'll love it. Sulfadene is the only medicine that cures skin infections in dogs. It's safe, effective, and easy to use. It's the only medicine that cures skin infections in dogs. It's safe, effective, and easy to use.

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Bare Tables for Fun



First Prize for Outdoor Buffet Settings at a Spring Show. Pottery, Blue-Green and Brown; Floral Arrangement of Lichens and Bark, Daffodils and Pine. By Mrs. G. Lofland of Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

By JANE TEN BROEK

THIS is the year in which to use the backyard and porch as much as possible. If a country vacation or any other kind is out of the question, pleasant relaxation from indoor living and work can be had right at home, with very little effort, and only a small outlay of money for the kind of wares which take gracefully to the porch and garden.

Delicate china and the good silver, precious linen cloths and napkins, and fragile glassware are out of place for such use. Their sturdier cousins—pottery, plastics, cottons, straw and composition mats, paper napkins and thick peasant-type glassware—are plentiful in the shops.

Plan Schemes

BUT as with any other phase of home decoration, the outdoor accessories should be selected with a planned color scheme as your guide, then they can be used with the idea of making outdoor meals so attractive that the family will look forward to them with happy anticipation.

For such meals bare tables are popular with homemakers whose weekly laundry basket already overflows; there is no time to wash more tablecloths and napkins. Bare wood can be beautiful; scrubbed, clean pine, such as a plain kitchen table; or oak stained or varnished with a water-proof finish; painted tables protected with the heat and moisture-proof coatings, all serve for these.

Colorful and Durable

THE menu can be adapted to the pottery and glassware selected for this special summer dining room. Beverages keep hot or cold in pottery jugs, tankards and kegs. Mixed fruit juices, tea or coffee especially are appetizing when poured from raffia-wrapped Mexican bottles into thick salad sets and trays are highly useful.

Don't forget a bouquet for the table. Maybe it is only a handful of interesting weeds and leaves, beautifully arranged in just the right bowl. Or blooms

This Outdoor Buffet Setting, Designed by Mrs. John Stark of Riverhead, Long Island, Uses Dark Green Glasses, Yellow and Green Pottery Plates, a Basket of Fruit and Flowers in The Same Colors.

from the garden; or fruits, most simple meal an occasion for the family.

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CLOROX is Extra-Gentle in bleaching and removing stains...

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WASHDAY isn't fun...no indeed. It is one of your most strenuous days. Therefore, it's only natural to want the best possible results from your time and effort. So consider these outstanding washday benefits provided by Clorox.

(1) Clorox gently bleaches, removes stains, scorches, snows... makes white cottons and linens snowy-white, showy-white (brightens fast colors). (2) Clorox lessens rubbing, conserving cottons and linens. (3) Clorox makes your laundry hygienically clean... for added home health protection.

Clorox is especially helpful in washing white and color-fast cotton and linen work clothes, and for children's laundry, too... and when running colors streak your wash let Clorox come to the rescue.

Use Clorox also in routine kitchen and bathroom cleansing for greater sanitation. Simply follow directions on the label. Clorox has the same full strength, the same high quality standards, today as always. There is only one Clorox...ask for it by name.

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You'll like the sparkling lift you get from Squirt. Its flavor will meet your favor...Try it today!

SQUIRT GIVES PARTIES EXTRA GO!

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Now is the time to buy your extra war bonds—putting it off until tomorrow will only delay the day of final victory and the years of peace ahead.

Two on the Isle

The speck of a South Pacific island where we'd been stationed was no bigger'n a turtle's back. When we moved up to the Base we found it was no metropolis either... just a few yards long, a sergeant's stride wide.

But the boys had rigged up a neat room at the PX all tricked up with fond memories and papered with pictures. The place looked like a Pin-up's convention. And, believe it

or not, right smack in the best spot was my favorite Chesterfield poster girl.

There she was, big as life, smiling out at me like we were keepin' a date we'd made first time I saw her back home. Seeing her again, way out there, was just like meeting an old friend.

"Gee, Babe" I says to myself "Sure wish you were real. You'd be swell to sit with under a palm tree with nobody else but me."

"Well, here's lighting up a Chesterfield to you... you and me and that white pack sure do get around."



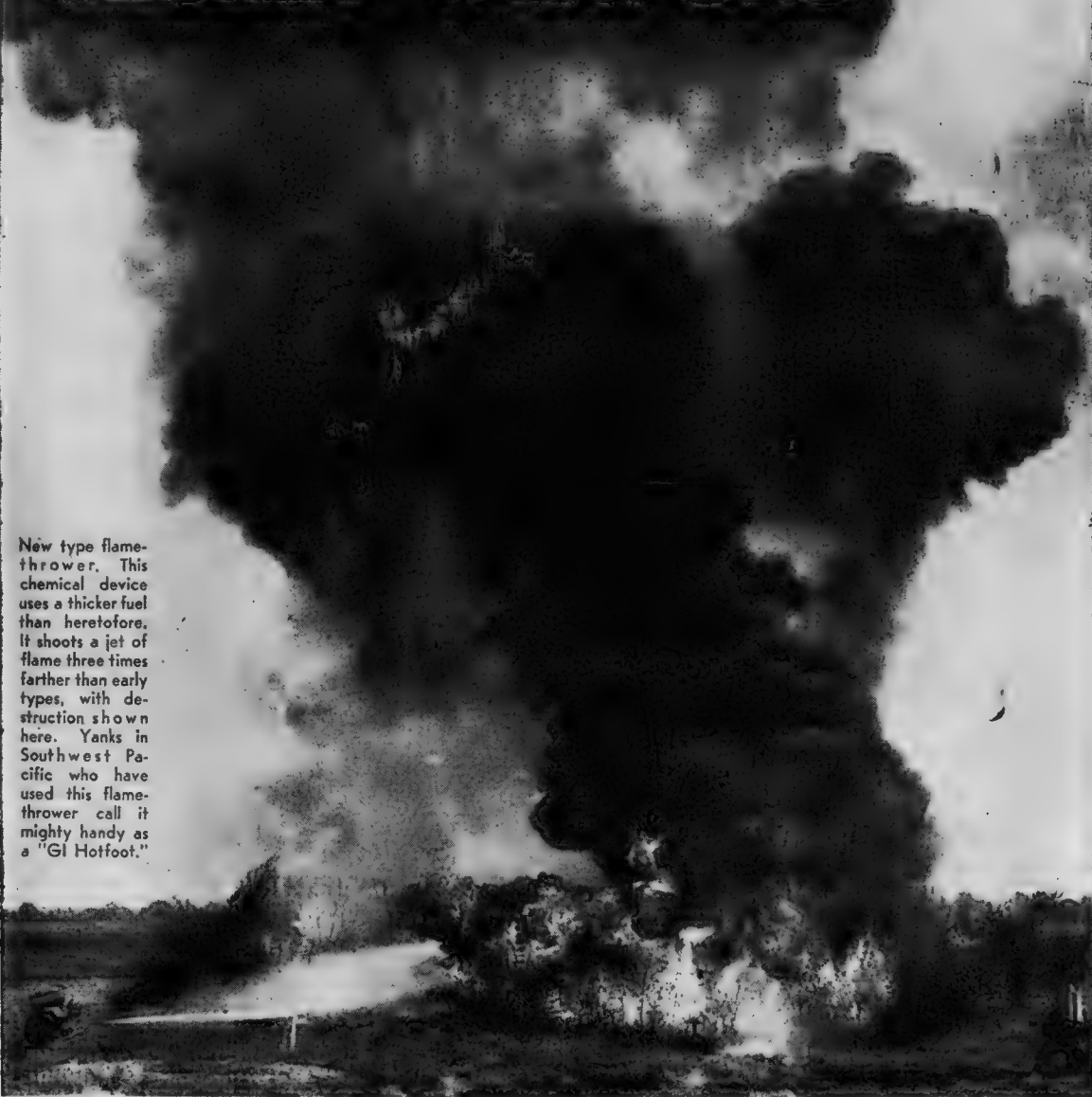
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RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS
gives you a Milder, Cooler, Better-Tasting smoke.
Swing along with the change
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LIGHT UP **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*

Uncle Sam's SECRET WEAPONS

PICTORIAL
REVIEW
BOSTON
SUNDAY ADVERTISER
JUNE 25, 1944



New type flame-thrower. This chemical device uses a thicker fuel than heretofore. It shoots a jet of flame three times farther than early types, with destruction shown here. Yanks in Southwest Pacific who have used this flame-thrower call it mighty handy as a "GI Hotfoot."

YES, there ARE secret weapons! The Germans have them! So have WE!

Still, until the Nazi unloosed fleets of robot rocket planes against England last week any mention of "secret weapons" was regarded as a wolf-cry intended to frighten impressionable people. The average American was prompted to pinch his nostrils twixt thumb and forefinger in the unmistakable Yankee gesture meaning "nerts." The A-A had read too many phony propaganda blurbs about mysterious lethal agents which petrify men's bones

By AUSTEN LAKE

or radiate beams of energy which paralyze all living things.

Still, as news headlines announced the comet bombs with fiery tails and a banshee screech, it came closer to the fictional standard of the "Flash Gordon" Sunday supplement than anything yet known. With his natural love for the bizarre the average American decided briefly that maybe there is something to this secret weapon business.

BUT only briefly! For the rocket plane is already discredited as an

uneconomic device whose erratic flight carries it wide of its intended target and sometimes even doubles back on its track to whoosh against its creators. The explosive charge is small compared with the frightful freight being dropped from Allied planes. And the people of southern England, far from being terrified, are said to be peering curiously at the heavens through binoculars for some glimpse of the eerie object.

GERMANY has a flare for gruesome imagination in its war devices. The aerial torpedo is a *Continued on Page 6*

Greatest Lovers Call It a Flop After 22 Years of Bliss

By MARY X. SULLIVAN

THEY were poor, and they loved each other madly. Through poverty, separation and hardships they kept alive an ecstasy that few mortals know for 22 long and happy years. Now they are rich and successful, and unhappy.

The love story of Eugenie Leontovich, Russian actress, and Gregory Ratoff, Russian director, has been told in hushed awe on Broadway and in Hollywood ever and anon.

Their story was an inspiration to the young and romantic, and the envy of the older and disillusioned. They were loved and admired by friends on two continents for their great artistry and for their constancy to each other.

Therefore, when Louella Parsons, ace Hollywood columnist, broke the story that Leontovich will divorce her husband, there was stunned disbelief on all sides.

It is the old proverb reversed. Love flies out of the window when prosperity, not poverty, comes in the door. But in this

young actors who fell in love with the star.

But Ratoff's love burned with a fire that would not die. It is said that he was a spectator at her first wedding, and that tears of love dimmed his eyes as the toasts of vodka were raised to the bride.

ON THE continent, after her marriage had proved unhappy, Eugenie began the climb to fame all over again. The Russian revolution had ended her career at home. In Europe, Gregory's rise up the ladder was swifter than 'Genie's.

Jack Lait is one of the newspapermen who remember how, when Gregory was playing in London and 'Genie in Paris, they would fly to Le Torquet on the Channel to keep brief dates together.

He remembers, too, how



After 22 years of happy married life, Genie Leontovich (above and left) and Gregory Ratoff have decided to call it quits.



case there seemed no reason for it.

AERICAN newspapermen and stage folk who "knew them when" love to tell of the devotion of Gregory to Eugenie in the early 20's in Europe, when they literally flew into each other's arms, no matter what the cost.

They seemed to have been born under the same star. Gregory came into the world in Samara, Russia, April 20, 1887; Eugenie was born in Odessa, March 21, three years later.

She was the daughter of a Russian colonel. Her career as an actress was successful from the start. She made her debut at the imperial theater at Moscow in 1917, the year that marked the end of the old aristocracy to which she belonged.

Gregory met her after he had worked his way up from charity performances to a stock company in Kharakoff. He was probably only one of many

Ratoff, shabby and almost hungry, turned down at least 20 engagements because the producers wouldn't give Leontovich a break. Finally he got her a job with the Russe Revue, which brought them to New York. The production flopped.

Ratoff found a part for 'Genie (she was a widow at the time) in "Flossom Time." It was during a tour of this show that they were finally wed in Buffalo.

Just how Gregory persuaded her to become Mrs. Ratoff no one knows, but it is known they bought the wedding ring from a policeman for a dollar.

A GAIN THE climb to fame was on, this time in America. Gregory did so well as the prime minister of "Castles in the Air" that he won the role of the Polish bootlegger of "Tenth Avenue."

'Genie, with her husband's backing and her own genius, was also being recognized as a great



Gregory and Eugenie were happy when photographed (above), following latter's return from Europe. During her two-year stay on the Continent, Ratoff called her several times a week, running up terrific telephone bills.

actress. She played in "Candle Light," and went on to star in "Grand Hotel" and "Tovarich," both Broadway hits.

Their love was undiminished, even though show business separated them often by hundreds of miles. They spent much money

seeing each other whenever possible. A friend recalls:

"I can remember them when she was making only \$100 a week and Gregory \$250... not much in the theater. They loved each other so much that Genie would fly every Saturday night from New York to Pittsburgh and Greg would hop up from

Chicago for their treasured Sunday together."

Then Hollywood claimed Gregory. He became one of the most important featured players, then a top director. He and his wife were still as happily married as ever, even though she refused all movie offers and spent much time in New York with her other great love, the stage.

FINALLY, in 1940, Ratoff persuaded her to accept the role of the mother in "Four Sons." He was the director and had tried nearly a score of other actresses in the part before she gave up her reluctance to act for the screen.

He won her over, it is said, by pleading that with the money they spent on telephone bills and planes between New York and Hollywood they could build a beautiful, permanent home.

Leontovich was a success in movies, but her heart was with the drama. Season after season producers sought a play for her, but plays for Russian accented stars don't come along often.

So, as much for fun as anything, she wrote a comedy about



Ratoff, Hollywood's ace actor and director, is shown upon return from round-trip, cross-country flight from Los Angeles to New York to obtain final American citizenship papers in 1936.

three Russian actresses, perennially broke but pleasantly bawdy, and their struggles to get jobs. To her surprise, the play was a hit. It was "Dark Eyes." So then she and Gregory both had fortune.

That should be the happy ending of this rage-to-riches love story. Instead, 'Genie's lawyer has the papers drawn up for the parting of the Great Lovers.

Her Love Survives Beyond the Grave

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

OUT of the grave, a love that has endured beyond death still fills the heart of an elderly widow for whom the bonds of her first marriage have proved too strong for happiness in her second marriage.

The living memory of her first husband is what sustains and comforts her now, she declares, and is her compensation since her recent separation from her second husband.

The widow is Mrs. Clarissa Thomson Reeves, 67-year-old widow of Dr. Elihu Thomson, world-famed scientist and inventor, and, more recently, the bride of former Chief of Police Walter F. Reeves, 48, of Swampscott.

After a marriage lasting only seven months, a friendly separation took place between Mrs. Thomson, as she now wishes to be known, and the bridegroom, almost 20 years her junior, who had renounced the career of one of the most brilliant and progressive police officers in the state.

WITHOUT bitterness, without recriminations, Mrs. Thomson, who has abandoned two sumptuous Swampscott estates of her late famous husband to seek seclusion in a small Brookline apartment, freely declares that her love for the great scientist was the great love of her life, and has survived his death.

"I am still in love with Prof. Thomson," she says. "No wife of a man as great as Prof. Thomson could ever forget him."

"He was a born leader and teacher. And I cannot express the happiness he brought into my life."

"I spent 14 wonderful years with Prof. Thomson. Ten of those years we were in heaven together. Three and a half years he was an invalid—those last years of his life. He died at 83 years."

"And although Prof. Thomson was much older than I was, he had the spirit and capabilities of a man of 50 years. During the years of our marriage we traveled all over the world. We saw Europe together, and North Africa. We were always comrades. He was my friend and adviser."

AS TO HER recent separation from Reeves, Mrs. Thomson maintains a dignified silence. It is a part of her life, she implies, which she does not care to discuss.

"We are separated and as far as I am concerned that is all there is to it," she says. "We are not divorced but we are permanently separated."

More and more frequently, Mrs. Thomson reveals, she lives in the memory of her first husband—a memory which has never forsaken her, and which, as events proved, prevented her from finding fulfillment of happiness with another man.

Prof. Thomson was one of the nation's most famous scientists. At the time of his death he held patents for more than 700 inventions in this country. He was the inventor of the quartz light and electric welding, and had served as head of the General Electric Co. in Lynn, and as acting head of Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1922.

He had been awarded the Grand Prix at Paris and was made chevalier and officer of the Legion of Honor. A score of scientific societies honored him with medals. Among his greatest inventions was the recording watt meter and a lightning arrester.

MRS. THOMSON, the former Clarissa Hovey of Boston, met Prof. Thomson when she was a clerk in a Boston bank. Their marriage, for all their difference in age and circumstances—Prof. Thomson had already amassed millions—was

a love match, as time proved.

They built a magnificent mansion in Monument ave., Swampscott, and about this home and their married life Mrs. Thomson says:

"Prof. Thomson enriched my life completely. In the rear of our home in Monument ave., was Prof. Thomson's laboratory. It was in that laboratory where his brilliant inventions were conceived. People have come from all over the world to see this laboratory where I stood side by side with Prof. Thomson all those years he was my husband."

"It was in that home, which contained some 20 rooms, where Prof. Thomson brought many of the young boys of the North Shore, friends of his four sons, and schooled them in the finer ways of life. After the professor died, I fixed up part of the house for Red Cross workers,



Above, the late Dr. Elihu Thomson, noted inventor and one-time M. I. T. head.



Police Chief Walter F. Reeves of Swampscott.

and I also set up a rifle range for the Army medical unit in the area. I love rifle shooting myself, and appreciate how much young medical men would derive from it through relaxation. "I hope that the town of Swampscott, which has recently purchased the estate from Prof. Thomson's heirs, will convert it into a memorial in his honor."



Mrs. Clarissa Thomson Reeves, now a resident of Brookline, widow of the inventor, Dr. Elihu Thomson of Swampscott.



The famed Thomson estate in Monument ave., Swampscott, where the great inventor, Elihu Thomson, and his wife found happiness until his death in 1937. Much of his work on highly important inventions was done in a laboratory at the rear of the home.

THERE WAS another estate in Swampscott where the Thomsons also lived, and which is now up for sale. It is Mrs. Thomson's wish, she says, to be in different surroundings for the present.

Prof. Thomson died in 1937, and six years later, to the amazement of their North Shore friends, his widow and Chief Reeves were quietly married at Manchester, N. H.

The Swampscott police chief had distinguished himself by creating one of the finest police departments in New England. A World War I hero, decorated for bravery in combat Reeves

was one of the foremost marksmen in the country; a skillful rifle and pistol shot, a brilliant archer, and a master of the art of jiu jitsu, which he was first in the state to introduce into his department in the training of officers.

He was a pioneer in establishing juvenile community programs, to provide the youth of Swampscott with wholesome and healthy recreation. He was a daring horseman, and owned his own jumper. In World War I he had served with the U. S. cavalry.

Originally a Lynn police officer, he was "brought" to Swampscott during a reorganization.

scandal of prohibition days, and carried out a most effective campaign against the rum-runners. When Chief William L. Quinn resigned as head of the department, Reeves was named civil service chief and immediately reorganized the department and put into operation one of the most efficient and best-equipped forces in the country.

IT WAS his interest in archery and marksmanship which brought about his friendship with Mrs. Thomson and their ultimate marriage. Mrs. Thomson sought instruction in shooting from an expert, and Reeves had the reputation of being "tops" on the North Shore, and holder of many marksmanship medals.

Under his supervision a shooting range—now used, as Mrs. Thomson says, by the Army—was set up on the magnificent Thomson estate. He also improved her archery, and their friendship developed from their shared hobbies.

Following the death of Reeves' first wife, he was a more frequent visitor at the Thomson estate. And on Aug. 11, 1943, the two left quietly for New Hampshire and were married. The wedding was presided by Chief Reeves' resignation as head of the Swampscott police.

Witnesses to the wedding were Justice Henry T. Lummus of the Supreme Court, Mrs. Lummus and George Blakely of Lynn. The couple went to live at the Monument ave. mansion, and news of their separation came as surprisingly as news of their marriage.

MRS. THOMSON insists that the separation is a friendly one. Reeves has returned to his former home in Swampscott.

"It is a perfectly simple, friendly separation. We merely decided that we will be happier living apart. We are still good friends," Mrs. Thomson says.

She still misses the beautiful home where she and the great scientist were so happy, she says.

"It broke my heart to close up that home," she says. "Although I left the house, I still

carried my love for Prof. Thomson along with me. Shortly afterward I helped write a book with David Woodbridge, entitled, 'Beloved Scientist.' I put all my affection for Prof. Thomson into my version of the book. Much of the book reveals his life from the time I married him until his death."

The eminent and distinguished scientist is dead, but not to his widow. And his death, far from breaking the bond of their love, seems to have made it stronger—too strong for any other love to come between them.

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Slave Girl Saved by Miracle of Prayer

By MARTHA MERRILL

TALES of a miracle wrought during the holy mass at the cathedral in the ancient town of Palazco in Mexico, when a young girl was rescued from slavery to black mass cultists and from the practice of human sacrifice, have the police of Mexico and the civil officials who are investigating.

It seems like some nightmare tale told by an epileptic or by a neurotic who had read too much of demonic rites in which humans were sacrificed on the altar of Satan. At last, authorities were inclined to judge it thus.

But investigation has led priests and police to give credence to the strange and horrible tale told by Soledad Perez Garcia.

Soledad's dramatic story is that she was captured two years ago and held as a virtual slave. She was nude at all times and to submit to the sadistic practices of her captors in the hacienda of Senora Carmen Matmoros de Tejada, on the outskirts of the city.

THE STORY came to light on a recent Sunday, when the congregation at the cathedral, just as the mass ended, saw a beautiful young girl stumble fainting into the arms of her gray-haired father. They heard her son out her story and heard her father thank God for a miracle of prayer.

For two years the father had been searching for his daughter, who had mysteriously disappeared. On this Sunday, he had, some strange compulsion

de Tejada under lock and key when they found something else.

In digging up the garden, authorities unearthed what they were sure was the skeleton of little Cruz Cortes, a 10-year-old peasant boy who had vanished from the neighborhood less than a year before.

This substantiated the story which Soledad had maintained was true, in the face of repeated questioning by her father, her parish priest and the district attorney.

Soledad told them that she, an innocent young girl, was forced to participate in orgiastic rites at the hands of her captors; that she was exhibited to a young stranger and told that this ceremony made her his wife, and that she was sold for cash to a Puebla lawyer.

IT WAS when Soledad told of seeing a naked small boy tortured on the satanic altar, of closing her eyes so that she could not see but could hear his screams, that the investigators paid closer heed. They had



Mrs. Carmen Matmoros de Tejada, held by the Mexican government in connection with suspected slave and homicide incidents.

urged him to travel to Apizaco to attend mass at the cathedral.

As the girl's hysteria was quieted, she told Dist. Atty. Pablo Hernandez the lurid tale which might have come out of some medieval book on devils.

"Friday I was allowed to wear clothes for the first time in two years and attend mass. I was told to make my peace with God and seek absolution for all my sins, because I was to be put to death three days later, as a blood sacrifice," she said.

SOMEWHAT skeptical, the authorities proceeded to make a routine investigation of the Tejada hacienda. They were startled to find a newly dug grave on the grounds and put Senor and Senora



Scene Depicted by Staff Artist Charles Schmidt.

been searching in vain for the Cortes child, and for no less than 16 children and young women who had vanished without trace from the area during the past three years.

"When they came to my room with a dress and shoes and told me to get ready to go to my last mass, they first led me out to the patio and forced me to dig a grave," she said.

"They told me the grave was to be my own, after I was sacrificed at the hacienda altar

on the eve of Ascension Thursday."

The police hastened out to the hacienda owned by the Senora de Tejada, an imposing matron of wealth and position. She refused to answer any questions and ordered her husband to maintain silence also.

But she could not prevent the

Her living body having been used in "Black Mass" orgies, her dead one was to lie in the grave she herself dug, Soledad Garcia told Mexican police.

authorities from inspecting the premises. They found the small body, and the fresh grave.

BEFORE his wife shut him up, Senor de Tejada insisted that the pretty Soledad was legally held in the hacienda, having been formally surrendered to them by her father in

State and church officials of Mexico are investigating charges of Soledad Perez Garcia, 18 (above), that she was held a slave for two years. Scars on back (above, left) are from whippings, she claims.

the city of Puebla two years ago.

After the skeleton believed to be that of the Cortes boy was found, the girl added to her first story.

"I believe I was present when little Cruz died," she said. "I was fetched naked from my room to take part in a ceremony several months ago where they had a little naked boy tied to the altar. I was too frightened to observe everything that happened. But I did see them do terrible things to the poor little boy and finally they cut his throat to stop his screams."

Besides the investigation of the police and the district attorney's office, the dignitaries of the Cathedral are making a full inquiry, for it seems as if this might be a revival of the savage black mass rituals of the Middle Ages.

To the simple people of Mexico, however, there is no doubt of one thing—that on Rogation Sunday, when all prayers are said to be answered, God immediately restored Soledad to her father and sent him to meet her.

THE Alice Parsons case provided a wealth of puzzling circumstances at the time it happened, in June 1937. Now that the required seven years have elapsed—that is the span of time before a missing person can be declared legally dead—the mystery has taken still another strange turn.

A turn toward a solution? No. hardly that.

Before reviewing this extraordinary story, and the recent developments that have brought the case back into the news, we should mention that the Parsons mystery possesses a quality of aliveness to an extent not found in the usual drama of this kind.

Definitely, there is nothing dead about the Parsons case. In the seven years that have passed since the main event, it has retained its essential, explosive vitality, and its easily definable potentialities. At the time it happened, anything was likely to develop. Anything still is.

IN JUNE, 1937, Alice McDowell Parsons was living on a rural estate near Stony Brook, L. I., with her husband William, whom she had married in 1925; one employee, a strong-muscled twice-married Russian divorcee named Anna Kuprianova, and the latter's young son, Roy.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Parsons came of socially prominent families; he was related by marriage to the immensely wealthy Pratt family; she was a niece of the late Col. Timothy Williams, former president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. Parsons had been graduated from Yale in 1910, and served in the Navy in World War I.

Following his marriage to 28-year-old Alice McDowell, Parsons became a gentleman farmer, raising chickens and pigeons for market. When this business failed to prosper, he began raising squabs with more success, specializing in a squab paste that became much in demand among the landed gentry of Suffolk County.

Anna Kuprianova and her son had entered the household six years before. She had worked for Mary Parsons, sister of Will, but had been sent to attend Alice in an illness, and had remained there. The boy, Roy, received the Parsons name, via a court order; the mother, for convenience sake, first used the name Cooper, and later changed it to "Mrs. Cooper Parsons."

Mrs. Parsons, a quiet-spoken, friendly person who, because of an accident in her youth, could not have a child, was active in the Three Villages Garden Club and the Three Villages Tea Room, both in Stony Brook proper. On occasion she brought squab pies to the women's exchange at the tea room, and also contributed items to the village papers.

ON THE morning of June 9, 1937, Mrs. Parsons drove her husband to the St. James station of the Long Island Railroad, three miles from Stony Brook. He was going to New York to keep an appointment, arranged by Anna Kuprianova, with two Russians who were to give him some tips about raising squabs, and also give him a recipe for squab pie.

According to Anna's story to the police, Mrs. Parsons returned from the station at 8:10 a. m., leaving the car in the driveway. Later, at about 10 she donned her working clothes and helped the Russian woman set a gossamer's broken leg. This was done in the kitchen.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, said Anna, a black sedan stopped in front of the house, and Mrs. Parsons went out and conversed with the visitors, a middle-aged couple Anna had never seen before.

"They want to look at the Sammis place," she explained a minute or so later. "I'm going over there with them."

By the Sammis place she meant the Williams estate at

What Has Happened to Justice?

By PETER LEVINS

Huntington, in which she had a third interest.

Mrs. Parsons changed her clothes, said the Russian woman, and drove off with the couple in the black sedan.

No one else saw this couple, or this car.

WILL PARSONS returned early that evening. He was surprised that Alice didn't meet him at the station, and he was further surprised on hearing Mrs. Kuprianova's story. At about 9 p. m., he notified the police at Brook-

Russian woman destroyed the bottle Officer Wilson saw in the kitchen. In a conversation between her and Parsons, overheard by investigators via concealed microphones, she told her employer that she had destroyed the bottle. She did not explain her motive. This conversation was recorded months after Mrs. Parsons' disappearance.

We return to the events of June 9-10.

AT 1:30 a. m., June 10, Detective Bert Walker found a note tucked under the footrest

had been married and his wife was having a child," he replied. "We hadn't mentioned him in the first will and my brother, John, had adopted a child and I hadn't mentioned it in my first will. That is why we changed the wills."

He was asked if, in his wife's second will, there was some provision for Mrs. Kuprianova.

"Yes," he said. "Ten thousand dollars cash."

He added that the Russian woman had been a beneficiary in the first will, also.

Mrs. Kuprianova continued to



William Parsons, husband of the missing woman.



Fate of Alice Parsons, who disappeared from Stony Brook, L. I., home on June 9, 1937, is still unsolved.

In the rear of the Parsons car, which was still in the driveway where Mrs. Parsons had left it on her return from the station. The message, addressed to "Will Parsons," and written with a pencil in block letters, demanded \$25,000 ransom, directing Parsons to station himself with the money at the Jamaica bus terminal the next night at 9.

"My man will call you by name and take you to your wife," the note stated. "But mind if any cops aboard you will pay for it and she will never speak again."

There were a couple of odd circumstances in connection with this note. For one thing, others had examined the car before Detective Walker and had seen no envelope. For another, both the rear doors and windows had been closed, which led to the question: how had the "kidnapers" managed to get the note inside the car?

However, it now looked like an abduction, so agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation swarmed over the scene. In ensuing days, large sections of the terrain were dug up, while bloodhounds and citizens combed the countryside. Not the faintest clue developed.

Needless to say, a careful trap was set at the Jamaica bus terminal on the evening of the 10th, but it was all quite fruitless. There were no more communications from the "kidnapers," and indeed no further indications whatever that Alice Parsons had been the victim of a kidnapping. Eventually, the FBI withdrew, convinced that this was none of its business.

MRS. PARSONS, it developed, had executed a new will 22 days before she disappeared. So had her husband. "What led you to make your will?" he was asked.

"Because my wife's brother



Anna Kuprianova, housekeeper in the Parsons' home at Stony Brook.

live in the Parsons home in the days following the disappearance. Then, on July 16, a quarrel with Mrs. Parsons' brothers—the nature of the quarrel was not given out—caused her to pack up and leave. She lived thereafter first in a furnished room, then an apartment in Bayside, Queens. Her 12-year-old son was sent to summer camp.

In September, Parsons told reporters he had become convinced that his wife was dead. As to how she had come by her death, he had no opinion.

Soon afterward he journeyed to California, traveling by boat. Mrs. Kuprianova and her son followed several weeks later, traveling by train.

They met in San Francisco, and within a short time Parsons rented a lettuce farm at Salinas, Calif. Later they moved to Carmel, which is southwest

of Salinas, on the coast, and there Parsons built a Spanish-style ranch house. The Russian woman continued to be his housekeeper, and her son attended school in Carmel.

"Our plans are very indefinite," Parsons told an interviewer a year after his wife's disappearance, "and I don't want to talk about them."

However, he admitted that he and the Russian woman might marry "some time in the future."

IN THE years that have passed since, neither Parsons nor Mrs. Kuprianova has ever appeared in news stories except in connection with the disappearance case, usually on anniversaries. There have been reports that they had separated—that is, that they were no longer living under the same roof—and there have also been reports that they had married.

A check of the records at the California State Bureau of Vital Statistics lends credence to the latter reports.

The records show that William Henry Parsons of New York, a "widower," and Anna Parsons, a divorcee, were married by Superior Judge Maurice Dooling at Hollister, San Benito County, Calif., on July 22, 1941. They gave their address as Carmel.

As the all-important seventh anniversary approached, early this month, the Brooklyn law firm of Cullen & Dykman, on behalf of the Brooklyn Trust Co., temporary administrator of Mrs. Parsons' estate, prepared to file a petition in Surrogate's Court at Riverhead, Suffolk County, to have the missing woman declared legally dead, under a statute which says that a person can be declared legally dead if he or she has been missing for seven years and there is no evidence to show that the person is alive.

At the same time, the law firm planned to offer a will for probate which leaves the major portion of the estate estimated to be worth from \$100,000 to \$150,000, to Mrs. Kuprianova, and only a small share to Parsons.

IT WAS learned within recent days that Frank and Howard McDowell, brothers of the missing woman, had retained a big Wall St. firm to contest any will in which the Russian woman is named as a beneficiary.

The brothers knew they could not stop Parsons—even if they wished to do so—from sharing at least to the extent of one-half of the estate, since the law is that a spouse is entitled to one-half of the deceased spouse's estate, regardless of what the will provides.

In this connection, Benjamin Shivers, New York attorney for Mrs. Kuprianova, told a reporter that Mrs. Parsons had a perfect right to dispose of her estate as she chose, so long as her husband received his statutory half.

It was also pointed out that, in order for the McDowell brothers, or any other contestants, to break Mrs. Parsons' will, they would have to show—

1.—That she is not dead, even though not the slightest clue to her fate has ever turned up.

2.—That there was undue influence practiced upon her in the making of her will.

3.—That she was of unsound mind at the time she executed the will.

One lawyer interested in the matter has predicted that "this will be one of the most startling will contests of all time if there is an attempt to attack the will."

Anything was likely to develop. Anything still is.

U. S. Secret Weapons Baffle Enemy

Continued from Page 1

sample. But it has no monopoly on secret weapons. The Allies have them too, plus production to turn them out in quantity. Yet the degree of secrecy in any weapon is short lived and rarely amounts to more than an improvement on old basic principles of warfare that began when an ancient Chinese chemist mixed charcoal and potash to evolve gunpowder, centuries before Confucius.

Scarcely an implement of modern war is more than an adaptation or improvement of some earlier principle of savage warfare which dates to such eras as when the Greeks first burned pitch and sulphur to nauseate the defenders of Plataea (479 B. C.), or when Kallinikos, the Syrian, stirred up resin, naphtha, quicklime and saltpeter to invent Greek fire.

The Romans employed heavy, wooden, man-propelled tanks to meet the Carthaginians' elephants. Charles XII of Sweden used a smoke screen to cover a river crossing in 1701. The first aerial bomb was dropped from a kite against the Turks two centuries ago. The first practical war submarine was built by Robert Fulton of steamboat fame for British use against Napoleon's invasion fleet. The Nazi rocket plane is merely an adaptation of century old fireworks.

There is precedent for almost every modern weapon, secret or otherwise.

But the Nazi has a more formidable secret weapon than robot rockets and today, as U. S. and British troops roll back German defenses in Normandy, the enemy has unveiled another, more potent death device—the "Mark V" tank, which is reported to outrange and outarmor anything the Allies have. The Mark V's margin of superior fire power and hard shell covering is said by Allied Intelligence to out-match the best we have, although how our G-2 (Intelligence) learned about it is open to question. Unquestionably through our espionage!

Why then hasn't the Nazi high command used this perfected tank against the Allies earlier? The answer is that they refused to risk its capture and discovery during the lost cause—battles in Sicily and Lower Italy, lest their secret become secret no longer. The Axis preferred to save the Mark V, since its supply of heavy weapons has become seriously blighted in late months, for the inevitable time when they would need every ounce of extra punch it could



"Goo bomb," newest type of incendiary bomb, consists of 2½ pounds of jellied gasoline, which makes it stick to whatever it hits. Then it melts flaming gas all over target with the results shown in the above test.

muster. That time is NOW!

The Nazi knew that, once captured, the secret of the Mark V would soon be solved. If the Allied have not already captured one they soon will. And then the prize will be hurried to some ordnance proving depot, perhaps to Aberdeen, Md., where our leading gunsmiths, automotive experts, mechanical geniuses and metallurgical wizards will dissect it, bit by bit, like

surgeons performing a clinical autopsy on a corpse seized with an unknown disease.

FROM THEIR analysis, in time, they will design an Allied tank that is not only as good as the Mark V, but one with all the Nazi innovations and some new ones of their own. They'll have to! The lives of Al-

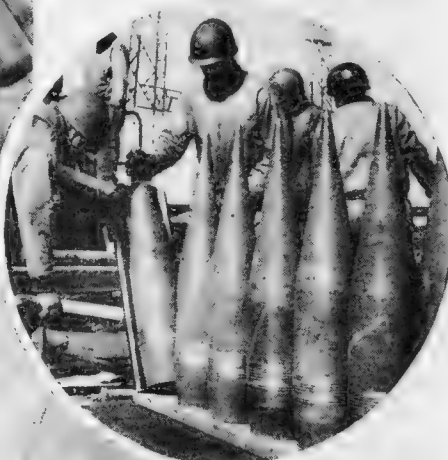
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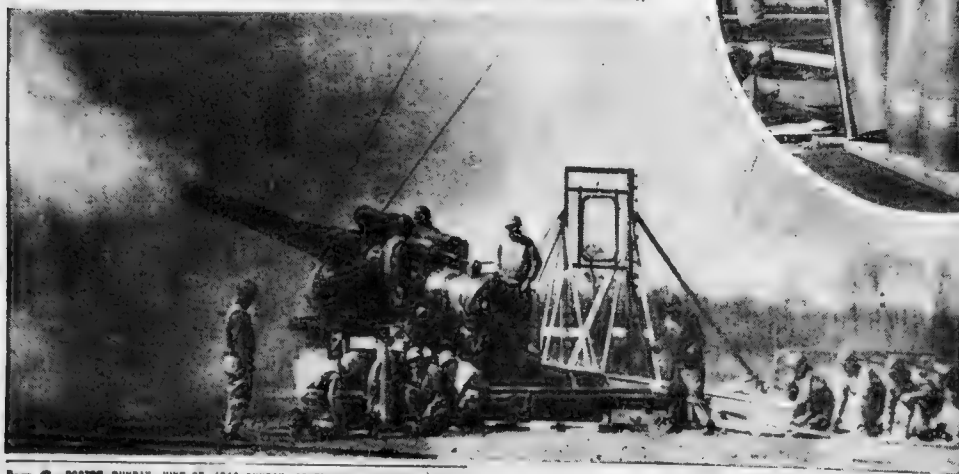
New flame thrower (above) has proved very effective against Japs. This device throws a stream of fire 180 feet—three times the distance of earlier models.



Portable smoke generator (above) is among the most effective of Uncle Sam's secret weapons. Two quarts of chemical, ejected at a speed of 1100 feet per second, hides a city block.



World's most powerful siege gun, the 8-inch or 200 millimeter gun (left), fires 240-pound shell (above) or an armor piercing 260-pound shell at a range of 18 miles, at a rate of a round a minute.



Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

A CHARMING GROUP OF THE SEASON'S important debutantes, including Ruth Cunningham, Susan Inches, Joan Kuebler and Anne Perkins . . . attired in colorful Russian costumes . . . will assist in the Russian War Relief gathering this evening in John Hancock hall, in observance of the third anniversary of Russia's entry in the war.

Adm. William H. Standley, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, will be principal speaker. Prior to the meeting he is to be honor guest at a small supper party which Dr. Hugh Cabot—chairman of the Massachusetts committee of RWR—is giving at the Copley-Plaza. Among the guests will be Michael Quill, who is journeying over from New York to speak at this evening's meeting; Col. Ilya M. Sarayev, military attache to the Soviet embassy in Washington. Prof. Samuel Cross, William Fawcett, Albert C. Carter, Henry A. Laughlin, Harry Carey, Judge Lawrence Brooks, Mrs. Ernest S. Dustan and Serge Semenenko.

ANNE CONANT . . . who made her social bow with Beantown's 1936-37 bud crop, and has been one of New England's foremost women fliers being awarded her pilot's license at about the



MRS. JOHN H. WEAVER, JR.
Underwood & Underwood

same time she was awarded her diploma from the oh so exclusive Winsor School back in June of '36 . . . has been Mrs. John H. Weaver, Jr., since a week ago yesterday.

Anne . . . daughter of the Augustine B. Conants of Brookline . . . and her gallant young AUS lieutenant (serving with the ski troops out in Colorado) were married in St. Martin's Chapel in Denver. Canon Walls performed the ceremony, and the reception took place at the Denver residence of Mrs. Alonzo Lilly.

The bride, given in marriage by her brother, Brewster Conant, wore a gown of ivory satin, the tulle veil fell in soft folds from an orange blossom-trimmed Juliet cap, and she carried gardenias and stephanotis.

Serving as honor maid at the Weaver-Conant wedding was Helen McCreery of Denver, wearing ice blue satin, overskirted in tulle. The two bridesmaids were Anne's sister, Susan, and Joanne Lilly of Denver, with whom Susan will houseguest this summer. They were frocked alike in white organdy.

Capt. James D. Rogers, AUS, of Chicago, Ill., was best man for Lt. Weaver, whose ushers were Lt. Laurence Rainsford, Rye, N. Y., and Lt. Morris Krucoff, Washington, D. C.

SNAPS!OTS—Mrs. Thomas A. Bittenbender . . . the former Leslie Blake . . . dining with friends in the Copley-Plaza's Oval Room . . . Elizabeth Winsor . . . one of our outstanding postdebs . . . extremely attractive in aqua and white printed sheer . . . dancing at the same night spot with one of Uncle

Sam's dashing young soldiers . . . Mrs. Albert Cameron Burrage . . . In striking gray outfit with bright red accessories . . . strolling along. Boylston . . . Rose Walsh and T-Sgt. Fred Cronin, USMC (one leave from the West Coast), at the Pops . . . Mrs. Elston Reynolds Smith and her adubed daughters, Betty and Ruth, lunching at the Ritz-Carlton . . . and causing a bit of neck-cranning in their "justlike" snappy tweed outfits . . . Mrs. Charles Gray window-gazing on Arlington . . . nifty little flowered chapeau above her navy crepe frock and silver fox jacket . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. MacCourt of Needham entertaining dinner guests at the Stater's popular Terrace Room . . . Dorothy Rackemann . . . president of Boston's exclusive Vincent Club . . . chatting with friends on Marlboro st. . . Mrs. Robert F. Herrick . . . in smooth black ensemble . . . waiting for the lights to change at Dartmouth and Beacon.

West Roxbury's New Officers

MRS. ANDREW F. CONNELL is the newly-elected president of West Roxbury Catholic Woman's Club. She succeeds Mrs. Harry P. Garrity, who presented the new leader at the club's annual luncheon held recently at the Hotel Vendome. Mrs. Connell's official family includes Mrs. Edward C. English, vice-president; Mrs. Leo A. Doherty and Mrs. Lawrence McGrath, secretaries; Mrs. Edmond J. Donlan, treasurer; Mrs. Joseph W. Henzler, auditor.

Chairmen of the various committees are Mrs. William A. McPherson, entertainment; Mrs. William L. Casey, hall and door; Mrs. Leonard N. Parker, hospitality; Mrs. Thomas P. Reardon, hostess; Mrs. Daniel P. McKenzie, legislation; Mrs. Harry L. Brennan, membership; Mrs. William F. Looney, philanthropy; Mrs. Robert O'Connell, publicity; Mrs. John I. Gruss, sewing; Mrs. Harry P. Garrity, nomination, and Mrs. Francis X. McArdle, financial advisor.



JEANETTE ROMANI, whose engagement to William C. Panciocco, USNR, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Romani of Everett. Her fiance is the son of Clement Panciocco of Hyde Park.

NAN SAWYER

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Beautifully cut
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The best looking—most wonderful fitting shorts! These sun-burst pleated play shorts are so exactly what you want. They're trim—smart—and also feminine! They're in cotton twill—cotton gabardine—and rayon fabrics. Cotton twill or cotton gabardine come in navy—red—brown or WHITE. Rayon shorts in pink, blue, white or maize. Sizes 12 to 18—\$3.50

The smooth little shirt is in cotton lisle—in brown, blue, green, red and white stripes. Sizes 14 to 20—\$1.90.

See both in Jordan's Slack Shop—2nd floor, Main Store.

Shorts—\$3.50
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Jordan Marsh
Company

Bride-Elect Honor Guest At Wellesley Reception

By ALICE WILLIAMS

LOTS OF OUR SMARTEST PEOPLE WILL JOURNEY out to Wellesley Hills this afternoon for the reception and tea which the Edwin Wilbur McGowan are giving at their Abbot road estate, in honor of their future daughter-in-law, the lovely blonde and blue-eyed Roberta Lee Halloran ("Buff" to her pals) whose engagement to the son of the household, Ensign Edwin W. McGowan, USNR (now serving in the South Pacific) was announced a week ago from Washington, D. C., by her mother, Mrs. Roy Dennis Halloran.

"Buff" and her mother are house-guesting with the McGowans for the next week or

two. They are planning to spend the vacation season in good old New England.

While no definite plans have been made, the McGowan-Halloran wedding will take place as soon as the dashing young Navy flier is lucky enough to get one of those precious furloughs.

Mrs. Elise Gilman and Mrs. Lewis K. Neff of New York . . . mother and sister of today's hostesses . . . and Mrs. James Thompson and Mrs. Harry J. Blake, both of Wellesley Hills, will pour tea for arriving guests at the party, which will be held outdoors (weather permitting).

Among those motoring out to Wellesley Hills to extend best wishes to the newly-engaged "Buff," will be Mr. and Mrs. John O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Kern, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fahey, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Bradley French and Mrs. James J. Phelan.

Roberta . . . daughter of the late Col. Roy D. Halloran . . . is a Beaver Country Day School graduate, and was one of the outstanding personality gals of the 1941 deb flock. She is a junior hostess at Washington's Stage Door Canteen.



Roberta Lee Halloran

and the attractive bride-elect will be feted at a party or two before departing for a series of visits in New Hampshire. Mrs. Halloran and her daughter



THE FORMER Grace Boardman "Bo" Eddy, whose marriage to Lieut. Charles Fountain Willis, 3d, USN, of Baltimore, Md., was solemnized recently in King's Chapel. "Bo" . . . one of our post-deb glamour gals . . . is the daughter of Lieut.-Comdr. Randolph L. Eddy, USNR, and Mrs. Eddy, of Beacon st. and Hi-Winds down in Marion.

Debutantes on Parade

SOCIETY'S FLINGLINGS . . . the dear little debbies . . . have been tripping about to a series of noonday presentations the week just over. There probably will be a few more debuts via the luncheon route before the first-year-out season settles down to its unusual summertime lull. . . . but the gals will be extremely busy with various activities for the war effort, and, of course, the Junior League provisional training.

Jeanne Barstow and Barbara Merse were the twinkling little starlets of a double feature luncheon debut on Wednesday in the Copley-Plaza's State Suite, at which their mothers, Mrs. Francis Vinal Barstow and Mrs. Philip Reed Merse, both of Chestnut Hill, were gracious hostesses.

A becoming little flowered chapeau topped Jeanne's violet crepe frock corsaged in orchids, and Barbara wore a wisteria-trimmed half hat and gardenia corsage with her purple shantung suit. Both these debbs have their summer work planned. . . . Jeanne will be on duty at Roxbury Neighborhood House, as part of her J. L. program until August, when she becomes a member of the freshman class at Wellesley College. Until Barbara begins the accelerated course at Middlebury College next November, she will be as busy as the proverbial bee, working in the occupational therapy department and cafeteria at Children's Hospital, in addition to assisting at Massachusetts General. . . . sounds like an extra big order.

THE RITZ-CARLTON roof was the setting for the luncheon at which Mrs. Allen Greenwood of Commonwealth ave., introduced her daughter, Grace, into the social realm. The debutante's navy frock, accented by an orchid corsage, was topped by a matching calico.

And the coming-out tea of the week was given for Barbara Barrows, daughter of Capt. Ralph Barrows, USA, and Mrs. Barrows of Brookline, and Jean Marilla MacDill, daughter of Mrs. Leslie MacDill, of Brookline, and the late Col. MacDill. The joint debut was held at the Brookline home of Barbara's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill Shepard.

Chestnut Hillers

MRS. HENRY KIRKE CUSHING . . . the former Marjorie Estabrook . . . is in charge of the volunteer registrations for the famous Chestnut Hill Canning Kitchen, opening tomorrow in the old fire station at 500 Heath st.

The kitchen is open four days a week, and time requirement for the volunteer group runs from half a day to the complete four-day. The "regulars" arrive daily, armed with box lunchons, and do a full-time job. As her contribution to this very important work for the war effort, Mrs. Harold Plimpton of Laurel rd., Chestnut Hill, will answer inquiries and recruit additional volunteers during the coming week.

Mrs. John H. Cunningham, chairman of the cunning enterprise, is assisted by a large committee, including Mrs. William DeFord Beal, Mrs. James D. Colt, Mrs. Henry Vose Greenwood, Mrs. Chandler Hovey, Mrs. William K. Jackson, Mrs. Bryan S. Permar, Mrs. Henry B. Prout, Mrs. Henry H. Richardson, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, Mrs. Frank M. Sawtell, Mrs. Edwin Sibley Webster and Mrs. Irving C. Wright.

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Good things go in threes, as in this trousseau set. Chains of hearts delicately applied on fine rayon crepe by skilled fingers and abundant hand detailing. Tea rose or white with blue, or blue with white contrast.

Gown 10.90 Slip 8.90
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Nowhere but Jays will you find these pretty compacts. Scarcely any two alike. Done with charm and skill on satin finished blonde wood cases.

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Something
New
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good looking
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for country
or beach...

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sweater shorts with dotted
sutton half-front blouse \$10.95
with rayon striped
blouse \$12.95

in Wellesley and Providence, too.....

Club Clippings

By MADAME CHAIRMAN

WITH THIS ISSUE THE JOTTINGS ON OUR BUSY club women . . . who are doing such a remarkable job in aiding the war effort by their numerous activities . . . will come to a close for the summer season. For with the closing

of schools and graduations now behind us, families are taking leave of their town houses and setting out for their cottages at the shore and in the country.

At the very successful 25th annual convention of the State Department, American Legion Auxiliary, held at the New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mrs. Mary B. Lakeman of West Springfield was chosen president.

Other officers include Agnes E. Boucraeu, Attleboro, 1st vice president; Mrs. Mary E. Crowley, Boston, 2nd vice president; Mrs. Catherine V. O'Connor, Boston, 3d vice president; Joseph Fitzgerald, Hopkinton, secretary; Mrs. May L. Mahoney, Rockland, treasurer; Mrs. Mildred D. Kilgus, Pittsfield, chaplain; and Mrs. Lucille H. Grew, Adams, historian.

Installed as president of the "Red 40" was Ella Zell of Cambridge. Assisting her during the coming year will be Mrs. Mary Griffin, Lowell, 1st vice president; Mrs. Edith Crippier, Rosindale, 2d vice president; Mrs. Elizabeth Burg, Arlington, secretary; Mrs. Genevieve Baker, Waltham, sgt.-at-arms; Mrs. Harriet Cave, Boston, "mistress of wrecks"; Mrs. Dorothy Sykes, Worcester, historian; and Mrs. Gertrude Conklin, Springfield, chaplain.

ARLINGTON WOMEN are represented in the civic-minded group known as the Gray Ladies. These serving in Boston include Mildred Bradley, Mrs. Howard Cousins, Bernice Dodge, Mrs. Margaret Dolan, Mrs. Kenneth Faulkner and Mrs. Clarence Hunter.

Also giving of their time and effort to this most admirable work are Mrs. Allan K. McIver, Mrs. Walter Richardson, Mrs. J. Leroy Simpson, Marjorie Sparks, Mrs. Sherman Peppard, Mrs. Patrick Pallante and Mrs. Leroy Shaw.

Attached to the Cambridge group are Mrs. Harold Bond and Mrs. Robert Boyd of Arlington.

AN END OF the month bridge party will be held on Friday by the Ladies' Unity Club at the home, 18 Melville ave., Dorchester, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Alvard Nichols.

The officers for the coming term include: Mrs. William C. Hayes, president; Mrs. Emil W. Gobrecht, 1st vice president; Mrs. Marguerite G. Harrison, 2nd vice president; Marion Sawyer, recording secretary; Mrs. Joseph DeCaro, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Eureka L. Whitman, treasurer; and Mrs. William W. Taylor, assistant treasurer.

On the board are Bessie Pratt, Mrs. Francis Carreiro, Henrietta Abbott, Mrs. J. Porter Smith and Mrs. E. W. Gobrecht.

For Glamour With a Capital G

Try wearing an exciting new evening gown to every party! Here's how! See the stunning, expensive evening gowns you may rent at the Mary Burns Shop for as little as \$3.50. And you'll love the excitement of looking different at every occasion. Evening wraps for rent as low as \$1.50. Bridal gowns and bridesmaids outfits for rent or for sale. Write or phone. The Mary Burns Shop is at 100 Summer St. Tel. Lib. 8572—Dev. 8033.



T-SGT. DOMENIC BIANCULLI and Mrs. Bianculli of 31 Midland st., Dorchester, who were wed at St. William's Church. The bride is the former Martha Alice Haun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Haun of Dorchester . . . Her husband recently returned after serving 28 months in the South Pacific.

Beacon Auxiliary Appoints Board

THE BEACON AUXILIARY, No. 411, B'nai B'rith, under the direction of Mrs. Peter Bennett, president, will have the following board during the coming season: Mrs. Irving Hurwitz, membership; Miriam Smith, membership retention; Sylvia Friedman, program; Mrs. Herbert J. Goulston and Mrs. Allan A. Fishman, co-chairmen, Hillel; Pauline Winnick, library group; Florence Levine and Mrs. Irving Ross, co-chairmen, war service; Shirley Kenigsberg, anti-defamation; Sayre T. Supers, publicity; Evelyn Kooris, happy day fund; Mrs. Arthur Savel and Mrs. Norman Lipson, co-chairmen, refreshments.

Mrs. David Charam has been appointed chairman of the project dinner and Rose I. Cohen and Mrs. Joshua I. Seidman, co-chairmen of the October bridge.

Service Club Begins 3d Season

OPENING THE THIRD season of the Esplanade Summer Service Club is Mrs. Alexander Steiner, chairman of the committee.

Multicolor Leather Scuffs at Wilbar's, \$2.49



Yes . . . more of these colorful scuffs that are swell to wear with slacks . . . indoors or out . . . they're cool, flexible and have leather soles . . . natural cowhide with strips in red, blue and green . . . 3 to 8, medium widths, no coupon necessary . . . \$2.49. Wilbar's is at 146 Tremont Street, downtown, and 1360 Beacon Street, Cambridge Corner. Mail and phone orders filled.

Ann Barr Selects



Shantung Flowers

A rayon shantung dress for women and misses

\$3.98

HOVEY'S, 33 Summer St., Boston (7), Mass.
Send me "Shantung Flowers" at \$3.98.

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at Hovey's

Border print, cardigan style that buttons up the front, rich green, luggage or capen. 16 to 42.

CASUAL DRESS SHOP—THIRD FLOOR

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Pvt. Margaret T. Reitzsch, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Toolin of 49 Grady court, East Boston, is serving with the Marine Corps where she is a clerk-typist at Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

WAC Sergt. Doris G. Merchant of 439 Cambridge st., Allston, is on duty with the WACs at the Mediterranean Allied Air Force, with headquarters, Italy, where she has been awarded the Good Conduct Medal.



LT. MARY KATHERINE FLANNERY, who received her commission on the 17th of June after completing the course at Officer Candidates School at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., is the daughter of Mrs. Anne M. Flannery of 22 Emmet st., Marlboro, and an alumna of Emmanuel College.

Mothers' Club Selects Officers

RECENTLY Mrs. William P. McCaughlin was installed as president of St. Teresa's Mothers' club of Somerville.

Other members of the board include Mrs. G. Edward Bradley, first vice-president; Mrs. Patrick J. Flynn, second vice-president; Mrs. John J. Denning, recording secretary.

Rope Sole Casuals at Clyde's, \$2.98



Here's a sturdy, fun-loving play shoe that you'll live in all summer... its rope sole is in the finest quality made... in white only, 4 to 9, medium widths, no extra post necessary, \$2.98... Clyde's Shoe Store is at 455 Washington St. Mail orders filled.

Now! LESS THAN 1/2 PRICE

Our Popular COLD WAVE PERMANENT

REG. PRICE \$10.00 and up. **Now \$4.95**

Complete With Special Cold Wave Shampoo and Setting!

It's the same wave and cold wave materials for which you have always before paid \$10.00 and more! Our tremendous buying capacity enables us to buy these valuable materials at a very special price... We are happy to pass the unusual saving along to you. Even "impossible hair" yields to this miracle-performing cold wave solution in the hands of our dexterous, skilled beauticians. No unaccountable machines... no heat... no heavy chemicals... no harmful chemical... perfect comfort.

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Other Nan Bailey Salons in Cambridge, Lynn, Worcester, Brockton, Framingham, New Bedford



MARIE THORNTON and Mary Walsh... who take leading roles in the Passion Play, "Pilate's Daughter"... serve on the committee for Pilate's Daughter Night at Pops on Thursday.



Radcliffe Alumnae Attend Dinner

AS A TRIBUTE from the alumnae and friends of Radcliffe, last evening the Ada Louise Comstock scholarship fund was presented in honor of Mrs. Wallace Notestein, president emerita of Radcliffe.

Among the alumnae attending the dinner were Mrs. Hiram Lathrop, Boston; Helen White, Newton; Virginia Townsend, Newton Highlands; and Priscilla Nash of Cambridge.

Also Mrs. Edward S. Stimpson, Wellesley Hills; Mrs. Gardner Bolster, Wellesley, and Alice Maginnis, Brookline.

Open House Is Planned for Anzac

UNDER THE DIRECTION of Mrs. Henry Jackson, Jr., a series of Saturday afternoon open houses is being planned for the Anzac Club of Boston.

Scullys Spend Week-End in N. Y.

SPENDING THE WEEK-END in Gotham are Mary and Anne Scully of Sutherland rd., Brookline, who are attending a gala party in honor of the silver wedding anniversary of their brother, William A. Scully, vice-president and sales manager of Universal Pictures, and his wife, of Forest Hills, New York.

Among those planning to attend the celebration are Mrs. Arthur T. Slater of Brookline, sister of the jubilarian, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Scully of Winchester, Mrs. Marie Scully, Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Scully, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Josephine Connelly, Needham; Mrs. Frances Gordon, Mrs. Delia Kelly and Mary Coyne, all of Portland, Me.

Medford Club Garden Party

A GARDEN PARTY was held by the Medford Catholic Women's Club yesterday, with Mrs. Esther Myers, chairman of the War Service Committee, in charge.

Assisting were Mrs. Sara Cullen, Gertrude Morrissey, Mary Murphy, Catherine Blummer, Violet LeBlanc, Louise O'Hara, Julia O'Brien, Mary Hughes, Katherine Anderson, Florence Carr, Mrs. Mary Noonan, Mrs. Mary Gorman, Mrs. Stephanie Donnelly and Helen Chaplin.

Boston Girls Graduate in Maine

AMONG THE GREATER Boston graduates at Westbrook Junior College, Portland, Me., were Elizabeth Ryan, Newton; Jeanne M. Beranger, Winchester; Marjorie E. Thompson, Beverly; Nancy J. Price, Worcester; Brenda Pattison, Winchester; Hope Beach, Newton; Esther Dairymple, Methuen; Priscilla Hull, Swampscott, and Pauline Prynter, Melrose.

Bostonians Open No. Shore Homes

WITH THE OPENING of the summer season, many Bostonians are once again flocking to their favorite haunts, especially along the Bay State's famous North Shore.

Guests of Mrs. Charles R. L. Sturgis in Manchester are Mrs. W. W. Scott, Jr., and son, and Mrs. Benjamin Huntington and her younger, Mrs. William J. MacKenna has her daughter, Harriet, with her for a visit.

Quota Club Plan Night at Pops

THE QUOTA CLUB will attend Pops on Thursday evening for the benefit of their service fund. Mrs. Madeline Meredith McKay and Yvonne DesRosiers are serving as co-chairmen. Tickets may be obtained at 158 Newbury st., Ken. 0886.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

SKIN care is just as important in summer as in winter, but who wants to bother with innumerable preparations or an elaborate beauty ritual during dog days? (And there are plenty ahead, believe me.)

Most of us want to keep up our skin care with a minimum of effort, although we aim for the perfect complexion in the end. However, in warm-weather days a heavy cream is definitely out. And so a noted beauty house has compounded a summer formula cream, perfect for hot weather, because it combines their finest cleansing cream and night cream in one.

This summer formula cream is cool to the touch and skin. It's feather-light in weight and contains both thorough cleansing and skin lubricating ingredients. It is so silky-soft, there's no need for vigorous massaging to assure its doing an effective job.

Just having the luscious preparation on your skin is enough. But if you have a very dry skin, apply a second film and leave it on overnight for double-duty effectiveness. Its penetrating goodness softens the driest of facial derms.

This cleanser-lubrication combination in one cream will be a most helpful aid during the summer months and your assurance against the acquisition of a whole new network of dry skin lines from exposure, even if you let down on your beauty care when it's too hot to fuss.

Summer creams must of necessity be light, and this one fits the bill to perfection. But because it is a lubricating agent as well as a cleanser, it should be a must cosmetic on your shelf of preparations. A regular \$3 jar costs only \$1 for a limited time.

Appropriately enough, it can be used as a "nightcap" if you smooth in your face, chin and throat and then proceed with some simple astringents that are most beneficial. Under chin, slap 10 times with back of hands. Three times lift cheeks with an upward sweep of the palms, from chin to temples; then twice around the eyes with the fingertips. Now four upward strokes on the forehead with the palms of the hands, one hand following the other. Tissue off and leave a second application of cream on dry facial areas overnight.

That is a beauty treatment of truly splendid proportions. For the name of this summer formula cream for double duty, phone the Beauty Department, LIBerty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Rummage Sales to Aid Charity Fund

PLANNING A SERIES of rummage sales for the benefit of the needy teachers' fund is Catherine M. McHugh, president of the Boston Elementary Teachers.

Assisting on the committee are Mary Facey, Sara Curran, Esther Sheehan, Mary G. Sullivan, Mary McDevitt, Mary Healey, Marie Bulman, Frances Tierney and Dorothy Morrill.

Others include Catherine Day, Gertrude O'Brien, Mary Convey, A. Theresa Skierski, Madeline Sullivan, Helen Tancig, Ellen Collins, Ethel Queen, Marie Murray, Cora Banks, Louise Hurley, Anne Golden, Grace Lennon and Nathalie Callahan.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Leading Specialists Recommended Minoxidil and Nihil Rapoport as the best Electric Needle Appliances in New England

ROSE RAPPOPORT
35 Winter St., Boston
Consultation invited. Res. 1206, LIt. 9391

Rabbit's Hair and Wool Jacket!

in lilac-blue, cherry size 14 to 20.

\$5.98

Leeds

35 Winter St.

Mail orders!

New Weapons Headaches for Axis

Continued from Page 6

Soldiers depend on it. And that tank will be OUR secret weapon.

The army ordnance already has a partial answer to the Mark V's menace—an 8-inch gun large as any in the main battery of a heavy navy cruiser. It fires 250-lb. shells at point-blank range of 2850 feet per second. It is towed on heavy tractors, has night controls which depress to zero and elevate to 20 miles and transverse in a complete circle. It pulverizes any target, tank, pillbox or fort.

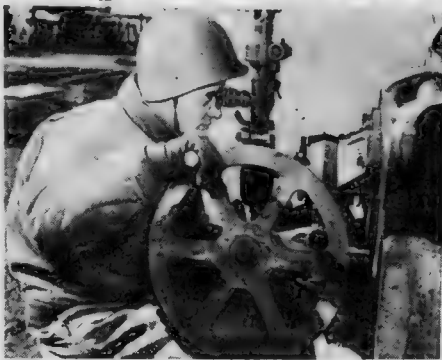
It is only a quarter century since the biggest gun of all known as "Big Bertha," fired its first shots from a woody hide-out 50 miles into the heart of France—a weapon which created more fright than havoc with shells that were much like the current robot bombs, i.e., of small demolition value.

Jedded, German war science has always leaned toward the fantastic side, with a sadistic delight in causing terror as much as destruction.

YET GERMANY has rarely benefited from its lethal inventions, having each in turn passed economic failures or costly obsolescence and improved by Allied brains. Thus Big Bertha became a bigger flop because its firing was limited to a few rounds before excessive erosion of the powder charge and projectile speed required the gun barrel to be dismounted and taken back to the Krupp foundries for rebarbering. The terrible Panzer divisions which consumed the ill-armed phantoms of England and France in 1939 were stopped by U. S. bazooka gunners of the 9th and 1st Divisions in Tunisia—the first time that infantry had repulsed tanks. The Luftwaffe's ferocity was reverse-blitzed by Allied fleets of super bombers bearing larger demolition bombs and incendiaries.

Germany's frightful secrets always became more frightful secrets of the Allies.

Thus the original Flammenwerfer in its War I primitive state has just been perfected by American scientists. President James B. Conant of Harvard and other ostensible pacifists. It is one of three freshly revealed secret "perfections" of elder war devices just revealed by the U. S. Chemical Warfare Service at the Standard Oil's Baywater, N. J., proving grounds. Two of the three were customarily German discoveries to wit, the incendiary bomb and the flame-thrower,



A gun-pointer at the controls of one of America's most powerful new weapons—the siege gun which can fire a 260-pound projectile 18 miles at a round a minute.

Let's see how well Germany profited by these macabre inventions.

No. 1 U. S. improvement is the M-69, or "goo bomb," so named because it is a 6½-pound steel capsule containing a cotton "sock" filled with high inflammable petroleum jelly and certain other fire compounds, with a consistency like your grandmaw's apple sauce. It scatters a pool of intense fire over 30 yards.

This is a vast improvement over the old 2-pound thermite-magnesium bomb which the Luftwaffe showered on London during the winter of 1940-41 and consumed on a single Sunday afternoon most of the Blackfriars' warehouse region, or a larger area than burned in the original London Fire of Sept. 2, 1666 (also on a Sunday).

THE FAULT of the thermite bomb, which the Allies later improved and used generously against Germany is, oddly enough, the very qualities which Hitler's Doktors of Science considered its finest attribute—the ferocious intensity by which it ate instantly through roofs and flooring, as carbolic acid might penetrate layers of tissue paper. It could burn through boiler-plate, but it burned only on the edges of its tiny orbit. British boy scouts and housewives learned to smother it in a few seconds.

But not so with the new "Goo Bomb," which splashes outward in a 30-foot circle of flame which burns like a 10-minute inferno. The average length of the thermite bomb's life was 5 minutes. The goo bomb runs in fury,

liquid rivulets, dripping and creeping through crevices, seeping down through the walls, igniting anything in its spidery path. A shovelful of sand is no antidote. Its flame floats on water. It doesn't bore ineffectual holes like thermite. It saturates instantly and burns tenaciously.

So nowadays the Allied bombers which sally over industrial Germany have stepped up incendiary loads from 5 per cent to 60 per cent, no longer merely freckling their targets with pinpoint glares of fire, but creating great molten vats of flames. So there is one of Germany's precious chicks come home to roost as frightful hens.

WELL THEN, No. 2 U. S. secret is a new flame thrower, the M-1-A-1, which outwardly resembles the ordinary household vacuum cleaner, with the suction-motor section (actually fuel and pressure tanks) strapped to the back of the soldier-carrier. He carries the hose nozzle in his hand.

Writes Brig. Gen. Alden B. Wait in his fascinating volume "Gas Warfare" (now in its fourth printing): "Originally when the Germans, first inventors of the flame throwers, were gaining rapid victories through the Low Countries and France in 1918,

the flame thrower specialized in capturing concrete emplacements and fixed defenses that had resisted bombardment and appeared to be otherwise invulnerable. They used Diesel oil for fuel. Pressure was provided by small tanks of compressed nitrogen. The flame was ignited by an electric spark. They were effective at distances of about 35 yards."

Thirty-five yards! Well, the M-1-A-1 throws a narrow rod of fire nearly twice that range, a 180-foot streak of liquid agony that sizzles into machine-gun apertures, consumes and suffocates any enemy within.

NO. 3 SECRET weapon is no weapon at all. It's the M-1 smoke generator which is now laying magic blankets of invisibility over our naval armadas and SOS caravans which bring vital supplies to Allies along the Cneburg road to Berlin. The new smoke is more buoyant and therefore more tenacious, released by the familiar, many-nozzled containers mounted on trucks and forming a billowing shield of cotton-white fog whose consistency is not so quickly dissipated by wind or rain.

At the moment, soldiers of the U. S. chemical warfare services are busy in increased numbers wherever battles promise or are in progress. For the smoke-screen division of the army has become an invaluable factor in attacks where the use of a screen to cover movement and blind enemy fire is essential.

Smoke is used to prevent enemy air observers from picking up ground targets, to mask troop landings, to cover the advance of reserves from rear

areas, to conceal flank movements and a hundred other stratagems. But smoke, as General Allen Whit points out, can be a "two-edged sword with its dangerous side exposed to the unintelligent user." For smoke clouds invariably draw enemy fire and, unwarfully used, may blow back into undesired places to blind its own sponsors. So the use of smoke is always in the hands of trained men and officers who have had college courses in its proper use.

The fate of the world for 1000 years—and the estimate is Hitler's, depends not alone on the muscular fitness and belligerent spirit of our troops, but as much on the little group of over-age, often myopic and physically sub par (for combat) men like James B. Conant of Harvard, Karl T. Compton of M. I. T., Irving Langmuir and Vincent Schaeffer of General Electric, and a round thousand other members of the National Research Defense Council. Those and the vast, sprawling network of American industry which makes vast production of their secrets speedily possible.

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Need Not Keep You From Health

Beautiful Legs
A 2 way stretch stocking that gives perfect support. Thin, durable, no wrinkles. Priced from 3.75 each.

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ALLER PATSON COMPANY
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A Beautiful Figure Is the Envy of Every Woman

You, too, can have a beautiful figure, if you give a little time toward it. You can lose 10 to 15 lbs. a month and 2 to 4 inches in measurements. For further information consult Madame Yvonne. We will be glad to give a free consultation.

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Open 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.



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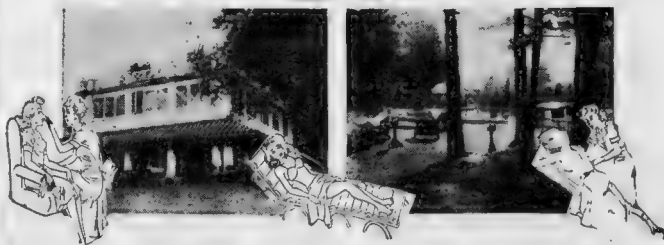
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VICTORY GARDENERS

Dirt won't stick to hands covered with "PRO-TEK"

Before starting work, rub on "PRO-TEK" like a vanishing cream



This cream acts like an invisible glove



After work, the dirt and grime will wash right off



DU PONT
PRO-TEK
HAND PROTECTIVE CREAM

On the Side - By E. V. DURLING

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Unless you can feel, when left by one.
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when un-
grated by his breath
That your beauty itself wants
proving.
Unless you can accept: "For
life, for death of a woman's
Oh, fair to call it loving!"
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

What is the record for spin-
sters in one family? There were
five girls in the Blackwell fam-
ily of Geneva, N. Y., and none
were married. Dr. Elizabeth
Blackwell, the first woman phy-
sician in the United States, was
one of these sisters. . . . A song
that stands up well is "My Alice
Blue Gown" from the musical
"Irene." What year would you
say "Irene" was produced? I'll
guess 1924. The color "Alice
Blue" was originated for the
wedding of Alice Roosevelt.

Women give a lot of thought
to so-called "good points" in
their physical make-up and do
a lot of worrying about their
"bad points." If a man has big
feet, what does he care? If a
woman has large feet, it sad-
dens her. She tries to crowd
her oversized toes into
small shoes and injures her
general health. It is understand-
able that a woman whose legs
are not shapely should cry.
Also why a thin back, flat chest,
poorly shaped hands or "dish-
water blonde hair" might cause
concern. But why should a
woman worry because of large
feet? Who fears a woman's
feet critically, anyhow? Nobody,
but other women. Men don't
care if a girl has large feet if
she has a good figure and makes
a cheerful little animal.

You can buy a nice silver-blue
platinum mink coat for \$25.00.
Keep that in mind when trying
to think of something to give
your wife for her birthday. . . .
Some young women of Chicago
are forming a divorcees' club.
"Only divorces under 35 will be
eligible," states my informant.
"They must be attractive and
gay in temperament. We will
invite you to our first dance."

Try your sweetheart with the
armed forces in Italy? Do you
know how much he may suc-
cumb to the charms of some
beautiful Italian girl? It may
interest you to know most Ital-
ian girls are chaperoned by their
parents. An R. A. F. sergeant,
discussing this with reporters,
said: "I was interested in a girl
in Naples. Whenever I called
her father and mother stuck
around all the time. They even
went with the girl and myself
to the pictures. I went with the
girl for two months without
even kissing her and then I gave
the whole thing up."

What were you doing at the
age of 14? I was still in gram-
mar school. I should have been
in high school, but I was "left
back." What were you doing
at 16? I was in high school by
that time. But consider the

Advertisement

Would King Cole Be Merry With Stomach Ulcer Pains?

The legendary "good points" in
his life as a merry old soul. If he had
stomach pains, sufferers who have
to live the penalty of stomach or ulcer
pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn,
bloating, nervousness, blood and other com-
plaints as well as excess acid, should try
this. It may help. It may cure. It may
be a box of Ciba Tablets from your
doctor. First dose must convince or
return for refund and get YOUR CIBA TABLETS BACK.

HAIR on FACE, ARMS and
LEGS Permanently
Removed
By the SHORT
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PAIN, No
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Expense.
NME, ROSELLA GARDNER, E. D.
37 Temple Place HAN. 2066

case of De Sales Allen Glover
of Pittsburgh, Pa. At 14 he
quit the Pittsburgh Central
High School and, giving his age
as 18, he enlisted in the U. S.
Air Force. At 16 he was a ser-
geant and had taken part in six
bombing missions over Germany
and won the Air Medal. Then
his age was discovered and he
was sent back to Pittsburgh
and high school again.

"Divide the number of Ali
Baba's thieves by the number of
quintuplets, add the Horsemen
of the Apocalypse and finally
subtract the number of days it
took to create the world." That
was a question on a Quiz Kid
program several years ago. (You
should be able to give the an-
swer two seconds after reading it.)
Quiz Kid Cynthia Kline
asked the answer and: "Five."
Quiz Master Joe Kelley said
that was right. But Quiz Kid
Virginia Boone said six was the
answer. She divided 40 by five,
added four and subtracted six.
Said Virginia: "For the days it
took to create the world Cynthia
subtracted seven. That was
wrong. God rested on the sev-
enth day."

Saw a fellow carrying a bass
fiddle today. Wonder if I have
any bass fiddle players as read-
ers. What I would like to know
is how they get one of those
things into a taxicab? Also if
any bass fiddle player has ever
carried his instrument home on
the subway, bus or street car
during rush hours. . . . Chicagoan
says her 6-year-old son can re-
cite Lincoln's Gettysburg Ad-
dress from memory. Remark-
able. When I was 7 years old I
was so dumb I couldn't even
pronounce "innocuous desu-
tulate."

When my girl friend was in
the American Hospital in Paris
after an automobile accident she
wanted me to get her some
Colony perfume. I asked for
and received this and as I was
about to leave the shop the
young woman held up a bottle
saying: "How about a surprise
for madame. A little bottle of
Mu Sin?" To show what an in-
veterate fellow I am, I was
surprised and amused that there
was a perfume named Mu Sin.
Was reminded of this when I
read in a London newspaper
that bottles of Lavin's My
Sin were now selling in that
city for \$10 each!

At the end of the war be-
tween the states, the Union
Army had 1,000,516 men in the
field. The Confederate Army
had 174,223 at this time

FAITHFUL FRIENDS

I have done no harm to my broth-
ers, the wolves, so why should they
want to eat me? I will go without
fear in the name of God.
—ST. FRANCIS ASSISI.



This young Sealyham with the soldierly bearing is Martin. He belongs to Prince Bern-
hard of the Netherlands. The parachute harness which Martin wears was specially
constructed for his use when he accompanied his master on flying trips.

By EVE JOLLY

DURING the last week of April, we heard much of general kindness to animals. "Be
Kind to Animals Week" established four freedoms for man's faithful friends.
What of freedom from hunger, thirst, neglect and freedom from exposure in this last
week of June?

Are the four freedoms of our
friends forgotten? Apparently
they are, as many homeless dogs
and cats are roaming the streets
and countryside in droves.

Inhumane owners leave pets in
houses they vacate permanently or
"just for vacation." Migrant
families drop animals along the
highways "so they'll find a good
home." They rarely do, unless
some caring person sees their
plight and reports them to the
S. P. C. A.

Those who abandon pets are
not only cruel to the animal but
they contribute, by neglect, to
suffering among all animals and
are a means of menacing health
of the population as well. It is
the stray animal in the final
analysis that causes the spread of
dangerously infectious disease.

WE MUST understand
too, that because of ig-
norance, many people cry
"mad dog" at the sight of every
frothing mouth. Fright, B-1
deficiency, heat, prostration,
worms and some forms of poi-
son can cause dogs to froth at
the mouth.

Diseases, spread from one dog
to another by contact could
be avoided, in fact wiped out

entirely, by the very simple ex-
penditure of controlling your pets.
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JEANNE CRAIN is featured in "Home Is Indiana," which will come to the Keith Memorial screen Tuesday at 5 p. m.



JUNE ALLYSON lends an ear to Harry James in "Two Girls and a Sailor," top hit at the State and Orpheum.



GARY COOPER and SI JENKS in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Story of Dr. Wassell," which takes over the Met screen Thursday



JENNIFER JONES won fame and stardom in the title role of "Bernadette," which continues at the Majestic.

Boston Accent Helped Win 'Wilson' Role

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor International News Service HOLLYWOOD.

A STUDIOUS appearing, quiet-spoken young man is a grey-eyed Alexander Knox, who, out of hundreds of applicants, was chosen by Darryl Zanuck to play "Wilson."

"Why," I asked Knox, "do you think you were selected to play the former President—you, who have had such a limited experience on the screen?"

"I am sure my diction is responsible," he said. "My aunt, a Boston teacher, taught me to pronounce my Luella Parsons words correctly and they say one of President Wilson's greatest talents was his perfect diction."

I first thought Knox, who is extremely dignified, was ribbing me and then I realized no matter how well or long I might know him he would never do any kidding. He just isn't that type. He is serious in his ideas, his work and his ambitions.

I knew also, without ever having seen the movie, that he was well chosen for the important role of the World War I President, whose biography is very timely now. Just as we are discussing what will take place over the peace table of this war, fortunate Darryl Zanuck will have an authentic account of what happened when President Wilson visited Versailles, to sign the 1919 peace treaty.

ALEXANDER KNOX was chosen for the Wilson role not only because of his diction, but because he is a fine actor.



William Bucher, who made a whole sound track of the Wilson biography before a foot was put before the cameras, was impressed with Knox's dialogue.

The actor had been borrowed from Columbia for the interesting sound track experiment and there was no thought of actually putting him into the picture until Darryl Zanuck heard the Knox voice. Later, of course, his acting tests lived up to his voice.

There are other points of similarity between the motion picture Woodrow Wilson and the real man. Knox's father was also a Presbyterian minister, and Knox taught school just as Wilson did, so they had those two things in common. These things, and the fact that he was born in Stratford, Ontario, Canada, were told me by Knox—I don't believe I shall ever know him well enough to call him Alex.

He has had much experience as an actor in this country and London, and his first movie was "The Sea Wolf," which he made for Columbia in 1940. It was as a super-Nazi, however, in "None Shall Escape," that he won his first movie attention. I discovered Knox could laugh at himself if he weren't so restrained and reserved. With great glee he told men about his tramping in "Romeo and Juliet" with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

"I was to have played Mercutio," he said, "the dashing young friend of Romeo, and then at the last minute was given the

Continued on Page 15

Movie Timetable

STATE—"Two Girls and a Sailor"; 1:40, 4:20, 7:05, 9:45.
ORPHEUM—"Two Girls and a Sailor"; 1:20, 4:05, 6:55, 9:45.
MEMORIAL—"Yellow Canary"; 1:20, 4:40, 8: "Show Business"; 2:10, 5:10, 8:30.
RKO-BOSTON—Stage Show; 12:10, 3:55, 6:20, 9:10; "Seven Days Ashore"; 2:10, 7:45, 10:10.
GLOBE—"Assaults of Youth"; 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45; "Hayfoot"; 1:15, 3:45, 6:15, 8:45.
BOWDOIN—"Whisper!"; 1:20, 4:11, 6:50, 9:40; "Racketmen"; 2:40, 5:25, 8:10.
EXETER—"Fire in the Straw"; 1:50, 5:10; "The Uninvited"; 3:15, 6:25, 9:30.
GAVERTY—"Captive Wild Woman"; 1:50, 4:15, 7:15, 10:05; "Seven Days Ashore"; 2:20, 5:25, 8:31.
SCOLLAY—"Tampopo"; 1:35, 4:50, 9:45; "Troadero"; 2:35, 5:30, 8:25.
OLYMPIA—"Tampopo"; 1:35, 4:50, 9:45; "Troadero"; 2:35, 5:30, 8:25.
MODERN—"Cowboy and Senorita"; 1:40, 4:50, 7:50; "See Here, Private Harlow"; 3:55, 6:25.
UPTOWN—"Address Unknown"; 3:15, 6:20, 9:30; "Lady, Let's Dance"; 1:30, 4:40, 7:55.

Pop Concerts

Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Pops Concerts in Symphony Hall, announces that the soloists for this week will include the soprano Marian McCree on Monday, Phil Saitman on Tuesday, Monte Nelson on Wednesday, and Bernhard Weiser on Friday. Tomorrow's program follows:

"The Stars and Stripes Forever," March Sousa
Scherzo from "Afro-American" Symphony, Sully
Ave Maria, Schubert-Wilhelm
"Kutamba," African Dance Rhapsody, Clarence Cameron White
"Thou Art Risen, My Beloved," St. Louis Blues
Sole: Leo Litwin
Two Negro Spirituals, Arranged by Jacchia Burleigh
Ballets to Our Fighting Forces, Arranged by Bodge

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"ADDRESS UNKNOWN"
BELITA-JAMES ELLISON
"Lady, Let's Dance"

By **JOYCE DANAN**
Tirane Editor

BURTOWS, who has become a star at the age of fine white hair and Santa Claus cheeks (he won't reveal the exact figure), plays the old baby doctor in this John Golden hit.

Consequently he puts his street clothes on a crossbeam of the stage set when he gets into his costume, an old Prince Albert. He chucks into a vest pocket his only personal property, a pair of spectacles that were eligible for a museum decades ago.

All he has to do to be ready to go on stage is flick the dust off the lapels of the Prince Albert, ruffle up his hair and shove on the oval-shaped glasses.

★ ★ ★
THE SPECTACLES seem vital in making Burrows a star. Early in his career he had to play a country rube.

"I knew the producer didn't think much of me at rehearsals," said he, "but on the opening night I wore these glasses and the part was a huge success."

Between appearances Burrows, who portrays a doddering old obstetrician, prowls

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DULCIE COOPER, HELEN TENBORG and EDITH GRESHAM argue the servant problem in "3 is a Family," continuing as the season's big comedy hits the Colonial.

backstage or camps in a chair in the wings and watches the show.

Although it takes only a couple of minutes for Burrows to shrug into his costume, the plump, slightly stooped old trouser always beats the rest of the cast to the theater. Nightly he makes the rounds of the dressing rooms where the other actors are getting ready for the show.

"Just to say howdedo," he smiles. "Sometimes I get a hug." Burrows wears no makeup. He says he doesn't need it.

"Going My Way," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, turning in incomparable performances as two parish priests, is being held over at the Paramount and Fenway. The heartwarming, human story, with song hits and plenty of laughs, has been brilliantly directed by Leo McCarey, who produced the film and also wrote the story.

"Back Door to Tokyo" is on the same program.

Mary Lane is the dancing star who will take the honors in the new burlesque show opening tomorrow at the Old Howard. Mary heads the beauty department, while Mike Sacks, held over by that well known popular demand, has the knock-about comedy corner.

Sheila Lind is another sparkling headliner, and Peggy Woods, the De Peron Duo, Leo Ross and Alice Kennedy are other big names on the program.

"Bataan," with Robert Taylor, George Murphy and Thomas Mitchell, and "Apache Trail," featuring Lloyd Nolan and Donna Reed, are the screen hits.

Next on the Trans-Lux screen, opening Wednesday, will be "I'll Sell My Life," a baffling murder mystery with the police as mystified as the film fans will be. Michael Whalen, Rose Hobart, Joan Woodbury, Stanley Fields and Roscoe Ates head the cast.

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Continued from Page 14

role of the aged friar. When we went into New York, one of the critics said, 'Among the fine performances by the older, experienced players was that of the aging Alexander Knox as Friar Lawrence.' He thought I was really a very old man."

TO MY VERY rude question of age, Knox replied he is 27. Studying him, I believe he is headed for fame. I realized that from the standpoint of education and intelligence, Darryl Zanuck could have searched the world over and found no one better qualified to play the Wilson role. Not that he bears physical resemblance, for he's not as tall and he seems to be more on the stocky side. I don't mean he's fat, but President Wilson, as I remember him, was so very, very thin.

Knox had much to say about Geraldine Fitzgerald as "Mrs. Galt," Wilson's second wife. I said I had wondered about her, because she is so unlike the Mrs. Galt I saw many, many years ago.

"I think she's a good choice," he said, "because she sparkles, and from all I know about Mrs. Galt, that's exactly what she did. She was animation itself and I should think it is far better to have someone who is a

good actress, than to try achieve perfect resemblance."

Knox, I learned, is married and divorced. But, I'll wager all I earn he'll never be a Hollywood wolf, or a night club addict. Again I say, "He ain't the type."

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